THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 725 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, August 15, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 7

ROSES RED AND WHITE.

BY W. S.

When first the roses reared their heads
In Eden's sacred bowers,
They flourished o'er the emerald beds,
The brightest of the flowers!

White—as the snow o'er mountain driven;
Pure—as the pearls of ocean;
Fair—as the cloudless vault of heaven;
And lovely—as devotion!

Unspotted, and without a thorn,
Around the tree they blew;
Where the forbidden fruit was borne,
And flowers of all kinds grew.

There, as Eve passed, to rob that tree,
A virgin rose she crushed;
The flowers, ashamed, her fault to see,
Drooped down their heads, and blushed.

But when the Saviour of mankind
Descended from on high,
Emblems of purity! we find
The roses lose their dye!

So, now they're blended, red and white;
The red blushed at the fall;
The snow-buds opened to the light
When Christ redeemed us all!

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED)

SHE often wondered in the after-years that she had not died in that moment. But the pride and self-control of long years came to her aid; she rose, pale as marble, cold, dignified, ready to die rather than yield to emotion; and, without one word, she held out her hand in greeting to her husband. He was looking at her with eyes that seemed to devour her.

"Estelle," he murmured; then, ready, eloquent, debonair as he was, he could say no more. Was it possible—gracious Heaven!—was it possible that this pale, proud, beautiful woman, so haughty that she looked as though nothing could touch her—was it possible that she was the fair young Estelle who had sacrificed everything for him, and been so cruelly rewarded? Was this magnificent woman really his wife?

"Estelle," he repeated. He drew nearer, as though he would caress her."

She shrunk from him.

"No," she said, "do not touch me."

But the Earl, so handsome and debonair, was not to be daunted.

"Why, Estelle, my darling, my wife, surely you are going to forgive me—I shall never forgive myself. No man ever did behave so vilely, I believe; but, my darling, you will forgive me, and let us be happy now."

"After twenty years!" she answered—"after twenty long, sad years."

"Better late than never, my love. You must forgive me, Estelle. I did you a most cruel wrong, but the most cruel of all was to quarrel with you and leave you."

"No," she said, firmly, "the most cruel wrong you did was to marry me; and the next, to leave me all these years without one word. No woman could ever forgive such a wrong."

"But you are not a woman, you are an angel, Estelle—so it has always seemed to me. Will you believe me in this one instance—I am full of faults; I have behaved shamefully; my conduct to you disgraces the name I bear, the name of a gentleman—but will you believe this, Estelle, my wife, my silence during all these years has not been because I would not write, but because I dare not? I never dreamed that you could forgive me; I held myself unworthy of all pardon. I knew that I had wronged you so greatly, I deserved no compassion."

"If you felt so sure that I could never forgive you, why do you come here now?" she asked, haughtily.

The least possible gleam of amusement came into his eyes, the least possible curl to his lips.

"You see, my darling Estelle, it is in this way. As Ulric Studleigh, it mattered little what became of me—whether I went to the bad altogether or not, whether I was married or not; but as Earl of Linleigh it is quite another thing.

"I must have a wife to reign in my ancestral home; I must have children to succeed me; therefore, from the depth of my heart, I say forgive the fault of erring, passionate youth, and be my wife in reality as you are in name.

"I promise you, Estelle, I will atone to you for the evil I have done; that I will make you happy beyond the power of words to tell; that I will spend my life in your service. Do you believe me?"

She looked at him. His face was earnest and agitated, the eloquent eyes seemed to rain love into her own. It was hard to resist him, and yet he had been so cruel.

"Why have you never written to me all these years, Ulric?" she asked, and he knew that the faltering voice meant good for him.

"My darling, I tell you I dared not. No man ever so sinned against a woman as I sinned against you. I took advantage of your youth, your simplicity, your love for me, to induce you to contract a private marriage with me.

"Then my horrible pride got ahead of me, I quarreled with you and left you for twenty—may Heaven forgive me—twenty years. I can hardly expect that you will pardon me. How can you?"

She drew a little nearer to him when she saw how unhappy he looked.

"Ah, Ulric," she said, "your race are all alike faithless and debonair; even the little one is the same."

The words seemed to cost her violent effort; her face grew crimson.

He looked at her with brightening eyes.

"The little one—our child! Oh, Estelle, you have never told me anything of our child!"

"You have never asked," she retorted.

"No, I am to blame. What dull, stupid apathy has come over me? What have I been doing or thinking about? My wife and child to drift through all these years. Well, from the depths of my heart I say Heaven pardon me, for I am a great sinner, Estelle, tell me something about our child."

The expression of his face was so pitiful that she could not help replying.

"I can not tell you much," she said. "I have been, like yourself, careless over the child. I could not keep my secret and her, so she went."

"Yes, Lady Delapain told me; but have you never seen her? Do you know nothing of her?"

"I have seen her twice."

And then Lady Estelle gave him the whole history of Doris.

"She is very beautiful," she said in conclusion, "but she resembles you more than me. She is a Studleigh in face and in character. She is faithless and debonair, Ulric, as you are."

"Perhaps you judge her rather harshly," he said, with great tenderness in his voice. "Why do you call her faithless, Estelle?"

"Because she was engaged to marry some one who loved her with a true and tender love. She ran away from him, and almost broke his heart."

"Who was the some one?" asked the earl.

"Earle Moray, a poet and a gentleman—one whom a princess might marry, if she loved him."

"Why did the little one run away from him? What was her reason?"

"She wanted to see something of the world, so she went abroad as governess to some little children."

"That was not so very bad," he said. "She might have done much worse than that. It is quite natural for a girl to want to see something of life. Where did she go to, dear?"

"To Florence, with some English people, I believe!"

"Well, I can not really be very angry with her for it; of course her position will be changed now. We shall have to think twice before she fulfills this engagement."

"I shall never be willing for her to marry any one but Earle," said Lady Estelle.

"We have plenty of time to think of that," he said. "I feel rather inclined to be jealous of this Earle Moray, Estelle, my darling, you have not said that you forgive me."

He drew nearer to her, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her pale, beautiful face.

He might be faithless, he had been cruel, but in all the wide world he was the only love for her. She did not avert her face from the passionate kisses that he showered upon it. "You forgive me, Estelle, my wife?"

"Yes," she replied, "I forgive you; I can not help it; but I know quite well that I ought not."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE Earl of Linleigh seemed to be indifferent as to the terms on which he obtained his pardon, provided only that he did obtain it.

His thanks and gratitude were pleasing to hear. Her pale face relaxed as she listened. After all she had suffered—the long, silent agony of years—there was something very delightful in being loved.

"And you will be good to me, my darling?" whispered the earl. "You will not do what you might do—take vengeance on me for my many sins?"

"No," said Lady Estelle, "I will not do that."

"And you will come with me to my home, Linleigh Towers, and reign there as its mistress and queen?"

"I will do whatever makes you happiest," she said, with that sweet gentleness that seemed to sit so strangely upon her.

"Estelle," said the earl, "of course the duke and duchess have not an inkling of our secret?"

"No, they have not the faintest idea of it."

"How foolish we were, my darling. It seems like a dream now that we ever did that wild foolish deed. It is far more like a dream than reality."

"Yes," she sighed, "it was a sad thing for both of us."

"I will tell them. You have had quite enough to bear. I will take the onus on myself. Give me—let me see—ten kisses; they will make me strong enough to fight any battle in your cause."

He bent over her, and was busily engaged in taking the accurate number of kisses, when the door suddenly opened, and the duke and duchess entered the room, having returned from their drive together.

The scene is better imagined than described. They were all well-bred people; but just at that moment the circumstances seemed to bewilder them.

Lady Estelle sunk pale and trembling into a chair—the moment she had dreaded for years had come at last. The earl was the first to recover himself.

Coolly, as though nothing particular had occurred, the earl went up to the duke and duchess with outstretched hands.

They greeted him kindly, but he was quick enough to detect something of restraint in their voices. They spoke of indifferent matters for some few moments, and then the duke asked if his guest had partaken of any refreshments.

"We do not dine till eight," he said; "take some wine, at least."

"No," said the earl; "the truth is, before I can accept your hospitality, I have something to tell you—something that will cause you just and righteous anger—to that I submit; but I pray you, as the fault was all mine, so let the blame be all mine. Spare every one else."

He looked so handsome, so earnest, so agitated, that the duke felt touched. What could he have done to offend him? Nothing but love his daughter; and that was surely no such terrible crime.

He merely smiled as he heard the words; the duchess, with a sudden nervous movement of the hands, drew nearer to her daughter.

"I have no excuse," said the earl, "to offer for this story which I have to tell—no excuse. It was the passionate, mad folly of a boy—the trusting simplicity and innocence of a young girl."

Then, for the first time, an expression of fear came into the duke's face, and the duchess looked as though she were turned to stone.

"Listen to me, your grace. Twenty years ago, when I was Ulric Studleigh, a captain in the army, without even the prospect of advancement, I fell in love with Lady Estelle."

He was still looking in the duke's grave face, and his words seemed to fail him, his lips grew dry and hot, his hands trembled.

"I am ashamed of my folly," he said, in a low, agitated voice, "and I find it hard to tell."

"You will remember, Lord Linleigh, that you are keeping us in suspense, and Lady Estelle is our only child. Be brief, for her mother's sake, if not for my own."

The earl continued:

"Do not think me a coward, your grace; I have faced the enemy in open fight as often as any soldier. I never fled from a foe, but I would sooner face a regiment of foes, each with a drawn sword in his hand, than stand before you and tell what I have to tell."

"Be brief, my lord," was the impatient comment. "Be brief."

"In a few words, then, your grace, I loved your daughter. I won her love, and privately, unknown to any person, save one, we were married twenty years ago."

The duchess uttered a low cry of sorrow and dismay. The duke suddenly dropped into his chair like a man who had been shot. A painful silence fell over the room, broken only by the sobs of Lady Estelle.

"Married!" said the duke, at last. "Oh, Heaven! has my daughter so cruelly deceived me?"

"The fault was all mine, your grace; shooting would be far too good for me. I persuaded her, I followed her, I made her wretched, I gave her no peace until she consented."

"Oh! Estelle, my daughter, is it true?" cried the duke. "Is it—can it be true?"

Estelle's only answer was a series of heart-breaking sobs.

"It is true, your grace," said the earl. "If any suffering could undo it, I would suffer the extremity of torture. I repent with my whole heart; let me pray your grace not to turn a deaf ear to my repentance."

The duke made no answer, but laid his head on his clasped hands.

"I had better tell you all," continued the earl, in a low voice. We were married. I call Heaven to witness that the fault was all mine, and that I intended to act loyally, honorably, and truthfully to my dear wife; but we were unfortunate. I was proud and jealous; she was proud and impatient; she taunted me always by saying the Studleighs were all faithless. We quarreled at last, and both of us were too proud to be the first to seek forgiveness. Then, in a fit of desperate rage, I exchanged into a regiment ordered to India, and, with the exception of one letter, no word has been exchanged between us since."

The duke did not raise his head.

The duchess gave a long, shuddering moan.

"There is one thing more—oh, Heaven! how could I be so cruel? When I had been gone five months, my poor wife, my unhappy wife, became a mother."

"I do not believe it!" cried the duke. "I will not believe it! It is an infamous lie!"

"It is the solemn truth, your grace."

"Stephanie, my wife," cried the duke, despairingly, "do you believe this? Do you believe the child we have loved and cherished has deceived us so cruelly?"

The duchess left her daughter's side and went over to him. She laid her hand on his.

"We must bear it together," she said. "It is the first great trial of our lives—we must make the best of it."

"To be so deceived—to smile on us, to kiss us, to sit by us, to share the same roof, to kneel at the same altar, and yet to keep such a secret from us! Why, Stephanie, it can not be true."

The duchess was not one of the demonstrative kind, but she was so deeply touched by the pain in his voice, that she clasped her arms round his neck.

"I can only say one thing to comfort you, my husband. We have spent the greater part of our lives together, and in no single thing have I deceived you yet. Let the remembrance of your wife's loyalty soften the thought of your daughter's treachery."

The next moment the daughter whom he had loved as the very pride and joy of his life, was kneeling and sobbing at his feet.

"It was not treachery, papa; do not give it so bad a name. I was very young, and I loved him very much; except you and mamma, I loved no one else. Ah! papa, do not turn from me; I have suffered so terribly—I have never been happy for one moment since. I loved you so dearly I never could bear to look at your face and remember how I had deceived you. I have been so unhappy, so wretched, so miserable, I can not tell you. Pity me—do not be angry with me. I loved you both, and my heart was torn in two. Kiss me, dear, and forgive me."

But he turned away from the pitiful, pleading voice and beseeching face.

"I can not forgive you Estelle," he said, "the pain is too great."

"Then I will kneel here until I die," she cried, passionately; "I will never leave you until you say that you pardon me!"

The duke raised his face, and when the earl of Linleigh saw it, he started back. It was as though a blight had fallen over it—it was changed, haggard, gray—twenty years older than when he had entered the room. The earl felt more remorse when he caught sight of that pale face than he had ever before known.

"Lord Linleigh," said the duke, "I want you to give me details—the details of your marriage; how and where it took place; who were the witnesses. I shall want to see a copy of the register; I shall want the certificate of the child's birth and death."

"It is not dead!" cried Lord Linleigh, in astonishment.

"Not dead!" repeated the duke. "Do you mean to tell me, my lord, I have had a grandchild living all these years, and have known nothing about it. Do you mean to tell me that a descendant of the Herefords has been born, and I have never seen it? Great Heaven! what have I done, that I should have this to endure?"

"I was ashamed of the story of my marriage," said the earl, "but, if possible, I am still more ashamed of the history of my child. My poor wife was ill-advised when she acted as she did."

A certain nervous tremor came over the duchess. She remembered many things that the duke had forgotten, and a presentiment of the truth came over her.

"Estelle," she said, "tell us where your child was born, and who helped you to deceive us!"

Obediently enough, she told the whole story.

"We must not blame poor Lady Delapain," said the duke, kindly; "of the dead no ill should be spoken. Rely upon it, she did it for the kindest and best. Now, tell us, Estelle, what you did with this unhappy child."

But Lady Estelle hid her face.

"Ulric," she said to her husband, "will you tell for me?"

They listened with a shock of horror and surprise. So this little foundling, over whose story they had wondered and pondered, of whose future the duchess had prophesied such evil, was of her own race, a Hereford. It seemed to the duke and duchess that they could never forget that humiliation, never recover from it.

The duke rose from his chair; he held out one trembling hand to his wife.

"Come away, Stephanie," he said; "this has been too much for me. I thought I was stronger. Come away! We can talk it over better alone—we shall get over it better alone. We have no daughter now, dear—we are quite alone. Our daughter has been someone else's wife for twenty years. Come away."

The duchess, since Lord Linleigh had told Doris' story, had never once looked at her daughter. She seemed the stronger of the two as they turned to quit the room together. The duke, never speaking to his daughter, said to his guest:—

"I will talk this over with my wife, and we will tell you after dinner what is our decision."

"Oh, Ulric!" cried Lady Estelle, "they will never forgive me! What shall we do?"

But he kissed her face and consoled her.

"It will all come right," he said. "Of course, it was a terrible shock to them both, that Brackenside business especially. I am very sorry over that, but they will forgive you. By this time to-morrow we shall all be laughing over it, trust me, darling."

But Lord Linleigh, before this time to-morrow, had to hear something which startled even him, and he could boast of tolerably strong nerves.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THAT was surely the most silent and somber dinner party ever held at the castle. The four who sat down to the table owned to themselves that it was a terrible mistake—they ought to have had some strangers present, if only to break the ice.

Even the servants wondered, as they looked from one grave face to another, what unusual cloud had fallen over their superiors.

The duke looked as though years had passed over his head since morning, when he went riding away, the picture of a prosperous genial, happy-hearted nobleman. His hair seemed to have grown grayer, the lines on his face deeper; the stately figure stooped as it had never done before; the star on his breast shone in mockery, and contrasted cruelly with the worn, haggard face above.

The duchess, in her superb dress of black velvet, with its point lace and diamonds, looked unhappy. She had lost none of her dignity—women reserve that under the most trying circumstances—but there was a hesitation and faltering in her clear voice no one had ever heard before.

Lord Linleigh did his best to restore something like cheerfulness. The worst was over for him now; the story was told, and it was not given to men of his race to feel dull for long.

They had the happy faculty of recovering from any blow, no matter how severe, in a marvelously short space of time. His confession was made, the story told, the worst known, and what had he to fear now?

Things would soon come right. He should take his beautiful wife to Linleigh, and their daughter would soon join them; the whole story would soon blow over, then who so happy as he?

He was not troubled with any extra amount of conscience, with any keen sense of regret, so he told stories of his Indian life, and as far as possible tried to improve the general aspect of things.

Lady Estelle had, perhaps in all her life, never looked more beautiful. Her usual gentle languor had left her; there was a rich color on her fair face, a light in her eyes—she, too, was relieved. The ordeal she had dreaded for so many years was over at last—the punishment would follow. She read her father's face too accurately to doubt that; still, the worst was over.

Dinner was ended at last. The well-trained servants had quitted the dining room, the door was closed, and then the duke, looking very grave, said:—

"Her grace and myself have been talking over matters, and have decided upon a certain course of conduct. I shall be happy if it suits your views; if it does not, however deeply I may feel it, you must henceforth be strangers to me."

Lady Estelle looked wistfully at him; but his face was stern, and she knew that just then all pleading would be vain.

"You owe me something, Estelle," he said. "You have dealt me a blow I never thought to suffer, and you ought to sacrifice something to atone to me for it."

"I will sacrifice almost anything," she said; "that is, anything except my husband."

"I need not tell you," continued the duke, "that I feel the disgrace and shame of the story I have just heard far more than you do who have told it. I feel it so keenly, that if it were known, I should never again show my face among my peers; in fact, I could not endure to live and to know that such a history could be told of my daughter. My wife feels it as keenly as myself, therefore we have come to a fixed resolution."

"May I ask what it is?" said the earl.

"It is this—that the shameful secret be kept a secret still. I do not question the validity of the marriage. I own that, as far as I can see and understand, it was a perfectly legal ceremony; but with my consent it shall never be known. I would rather—far rather, Heaven knows—see the daughter whom I have loved so tenderly and so proudly, dead, than have this story known."

The Earl and Countess of Linleigh looked at each other. This was very different to what they had expected to hear.

"I do not see," murmured the earl, "how it can possibly be avoided—it must be known."

"I have thought of a plan which will obviate the necessity," said the duke, in the most stately manner. "Permit me to explain it. I grant that the existence of this unfortunate girl renders it doubly difficult. Still, I protest, by the spotless name the Herefords have ever borne, by my pride of race, by the nobility of my ancestry, by the honor of my house—I protest against letting the world know how my daughter has deceived me. But for the existence of this girl, I would propose that the marriage be annulled. Respect must be paid to her rights; she is at present your sole heiress, and the heiress of my daughter. In all conscience, honor and loyalty, we are bound to recognise her rights."

"We can not do otherwise," said the duchess, with a stately bend of the head.

Lady Estelle looked up with an expression of relief.

"I must ask you," continued the duke, "to follow me attentively. I am anxious to do two things—I wish to preserve the unsullied honor of my house, and I wish to do justice to her whom I must, in spite of my objection, call my grandchild. I propose to do it in this way: Let the secret of this private marriage ever remain unknown and unsuspected. It was known that Captain Studleigh admired Lady Estelle before he went abroad; it will not seem strange to anyone that, having succeeded to the earldom, and finding her still with us, he seeks to marry her. Visit Downsbury Castle when you will, my lord; you can speak of Lady Estelle with all the rapture of a Studleigh. It will be soon rumored about that you have renewed the old love. At the end of six weeks I will take my daughter to Paris; you can follow us. I will not ask you to again go through the religious ceremony—I have too much respect for religion to suggest it; but you can go through the civil forms, with all the pomp and splendor due to your own rank and ours. Every paper in England will then have an account of the marriage of Lady Estelle Hereford with the Earl of Linleigh, and I shall be saved the greatest disgrace—the greatest shame that could have befallen me. Do you agree to my proposal, Lord Linleigh? In making it there is nothing against your interest or my daughter's — nothing against justice, loyalty or honor; it is simply a subterfuge to save the honor of a noble house. Do you agree?"

"I see no objection," said the earl, cautiously.

"I shall dower my daughter right royally," said the duke; "as magnificently as though she were marrying the man whom I should have chosen for her."

"It would save an immense deal of scandal, and rumor, and remarks," said the duchess, gravely; "it would save us from a thousand taunts and jeers. We have been so proud of you, Estelle!"

"But the child," said the earl—"she can not be ignored after that fashion."

"Certainly not. My plan you will find best for her as well as for you. I have told you before that I can not and will not submit to the degradation of hearing this story laughed at by half London. This is what I propose for the child:

"You, my Lord Linleigh, were in your youth, famed for eccentricity. Tell the world openly, as you please, that you were married before you went abroad, and lost your wife. That is perfectly true, and you will not find many questions asked. Add that, unable to burden yourself with the care of a child in India, you were compelled to leave her with friends of your wife—every word of which is literally, strictly, and perfectly true. The only secret that I charge you to guard as you would guard your life, is this—the name of your wife.

"You will not find people curious to know it. They will conclude that you married some poor pretty girl, and not tease you with questions. You can claim your daughter at once, and take her home with you."

The earl looked quite content, but there was a pitiful expression on the face of Lady Estelle, that was painful to see.

"I understand," she said; "but, papa, if we do this she will never know who is her mother. She will never know that she is my child."

"It is not needful," was the stern reply. "I should think that any mother would shrink from letting her child know such a history as yours. She will be with you—under your charge—you can do all a mother's part toward her, and yet save the honor of our name."

The face of Lady Estelle grew crimson as she listened.

"My marriage was a legal one, papa," she said.

"Certainly, but not an honorable one. I do not, however, insist upon it; you can please yourself. You know the alternative—if you make the true story of her birth known, I shall leave England, and never look on the faces of my old friends again."

"I do not see, Estelle," said the duchess, in a grave, cold voice, "what difference it can possibly make to you. If you acknowledge her as your daughter twenty times over, you could not do more than let her live in your house, and take charge of her. You can do that now."

"Oh, mamma, it will be so hard!"

"I do not think you will find it so. You must remember that, with the unfortunate training the child has had, it is quite impossible that she can be any credit to you. You should have looked better after her education had you ever intended to acknowledge her. Spare me this disgrace; do not let the world know that a girl brought up in the kitchen at Brackenside is my grandchild. I must confess that, even under the circumstances, bad, painful, as they were, I can not imagine why you acted so with the child."

"I wanted her to be good and happy in a simple fashion. I never dreamed that these events would happen."

"I think," said the duchess, "that you should be willing to adopt your father's suggestion. It is by far the most sensible one."

"I quite agree with it," said Lord Linleigh. "Then the chief burden falls upon me—I have but to own to a private marriage, as your grace suggests. It is doubtful whether anyone cares to inquire the name of my wife. I was but Captain Studleigh, and a Mrs. Studleigh is of no note. Even if the girl herself should question me, I should merely say that I prefer not to mention her mother's name."

"It will be far the best plan. The girl has a Studleigh face; claim her at once, and let her take her station as your daughter and mistress of your house until you take Estelle home."

"I think it will be the best plan," said the earl.

"If I were in your place," continued the duke, "I should not go to the farm; I should at once return to Linleigh Court, and when you reach there, send for the farmer, his wife and your child—it will make far less sensation. They are honest people, too, and if you ask for silence, they will keep it. It is not probable that anyone will ever see her again who knew her here. The farmer and his wife have

shown good tact and good sense in keeping friends and acquaintances at a distance."

"I am sure you are right," said Lord Linleigh. "Estelle, do you consent?"

She was silent for some few minutes; they saw her face quiver with pain. Then she left her seat and went round to her father, and knelt down by his side.

"Dearest," she said to him, "I owe you this reparation. The dearest wish of my heart was to hear my child call me mother. I renounce that wish for your sake—I promise to do as you suggest. Will you, in turn, forgive me?"

Perhaps he was glad of the opportunity; for, bending over, he kissed her face, and she saw tears in his eyes. The duchess came round and joined the little group, but even at that moment Lady Estelle felt that the full pardon of her stately mother would indeed be hard to win.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FEW days after the events described in the previous chapter, a paragraph went round the principal English newspapers which created some little sensation. It was headed "Romance in High Life," and ran as follows:—

"It is not generally known that the Earl of Linleigh has been married and lost his wife. The marriage—which took place when the young and gallant captain had little expectation of the earldom of Linleigh—was in itself, we believe, a romance. Whether the sudden departure of the young officer for India was caused by the death of his young wife, we are not aware. As it was impossible to take his infant daughter with him, the child was left in charge of his wife's friends. We learn, on the highest authority, that the young lady, who will henceforth take her title as the Lady Doris Studleigh, is a most beautiful and accomplished girl, who will be a great addition to the shining lights of society. The earl is about to take up his residence, with his beautiful daughter, at Linleigh Court."

Considerable sensation was caused by this, but no one was in the least surprised. Captain Studleigh had been known as a great flirt; those who remembered him as the handsome young man of his day, smiled and said:—

"There, that is why the gay gallant never married. I thought there was some reason."

How many rich widows smiled on him, and smiled in vain. They wondered a little whom he had married, and all agreed that it was most probably a nobody—a girl with a pretty face; he never cared for any other—neither birth nor money, that was certain.

The announcement caused no other remark, and was soon forgotten. If Lady Doris Studleigh was anything like the Studleighs, she would be sure to be beautiful—they had always been, without exception, the handsomest family in England. She would be a great heiress, no doubt, and her debut was most anxiously looked for.

It was, perhaps, a fortnight after that paragraph had been well discussed, that another appeared. It was as follows:—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We are informed that a noble earl, whose recent accession to a magnificent estate and ancient title caused some little sensation in the fashionable world, will soon lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of one of our most respected peers."

Everyone knew at once that the Earl of Linleigh was meant; but who was the lady? First a rumor—a whisper; then a certainty—it was Lady Estelle Hereford. People remembered that he had liked her, and had tried hard to get up a flirtation before he went abroad. Gossip gradually wore itself out. In the meantime strange events had occurred at the farm.

There came a cold, snowy morning when Doris had been home some few days. She was growing impatient. The change was so great from gay, sunny Florence to cold, foggy England; from that luxurious villa, where flowers and light abounded, to the homely farm-house; from the honeyed words of her lover to the somewhat cold disapproval of Mattie and Mrs. Brace. Mark had said but little to her.

"You tried your wings, my bonnie bird," he said, "I am glad they brought you back here."

He did not seem quite so much at home with her as he had been. More than once Earle saw him look in wonder at the lovely face and white hands; then he would shake his honest head gravely and Earle knew that he was thinking to himself she was out of place at the farm.

Mrs. Brace had said but little to her; she knew it was useless. Earle had begged her to be silent, while Mattie looked on in sorrowful dismay. Would Earle never see that Doris was unworthy of him?

Of her adventures but little had been said. Earle told them he had met her in Florence, where she was staying as governess to some little children, and he induced her to come home with him—that was all they knew. Of the story told to Earle they were in perfect ignorance.

Doris had shown some little sense; she had taken the costly gems from her fingers. In any case it would never be safe to wear them again; they would attract too much attention.

She told Earle, laughingly, that she had thrown her pretty, false stones away, when, in reality, she had safely packed them where no one but herself would find them. Then, after the novelty of receiving Earle's homage again had worn off, she began to grow impatient.

"I can not stay here long, Earle," she said; "it is too terrible. When shall I hear my news?"

"Soon, I am certain," was the reply. "Do not—pray, do not precipitate matters by any imprudence, Doris. Wait a few days longer."

But the news came at last. On a cold, snowy morning, while the farmer and his wife sat at breakfast, they heard the postman's horn outside the gate.

"News ought to keep this weather," said Mark, laughingly; "it is cold enough."

Mrs. Brace hastened to the door. There was a steaming cup of coffee to be carried to the frozen postman, who took it gratefully, and gave her a large, thick letter.

"It is registered, Mrs. Brace," he said, "and your husband must sign the receipt."

Now, if there was anything in this world of which Mark Brace really stood in awe, it was of pen and ink. He could plow, sow, reap with any man; place a pen in his hand and an inkstand before him, and he was reduced to a state of utter imbecility.

"Sign a receipt!" he said to his wife. "The man knows he has brought the letter; that ought to be enough."

When he found it must be done, he submitted to it. Then it was discovered that the only inkstand in the house was in Doris' room, and that young lady asked wonderingly what they wanted ink at that early hour of the morning for.

"Surely my father is not taking to literature, Mattie!" she cried.

"My dear sister, when will you learn that it is in bad taste to be always sneering at our father?" was Mattie's answer.

"What does he want the ink for? Tell me."

"There's a letter—a thick, registered letter—seemingly a very important one, and the receipt had to be signed."

She wondered why the mocking smile died so suddenly from Doris' face—why she grew pale, and agitated, and unlike herself.

"I shall be down in one moment, Mattie," she said.

When she was left alone she clasped her hands together.

"It has come at last!" she said—"at last!"

It was ten minutes before she went down; then Mark had almost recovered from the effort he had made in signing the receipt—the postman had departed—and, like all simple-minded people, Mark and his wife were wondering from whom the letter had come, and what it was about. Doris listened quietly for a minute. Mattie was engaged in preparing tea for her sister. Then Doris said:

"Do you not think it would save all trouble and discussion if you opened the letter?"

Mark laughed sheepishly, and said:

"She is right, you know."

Then he opened the letter. It was not very long, and they saw a slip of pink paper fall from it. Mrs. Brace picked it up and saw that it was a check for five hundred dollars:

Meanwhile Mark read on slowly and laboriously; then he looked around him with a bewildered face and read it again.

"What is it, Mark?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Stop!" said Mark, waving his hand. "Steady. I have had many a hard puzzle in my life, but this is the hardest—I can not understand it. Either the man who wrote it is mad, or I am—I cannot tell which. Patty, read that letter aloud; let me see if it sounds as it reads."

Mrs. Brace took the letter obediently from her husband's hands. No one saw the torture of suspense in Doris' face. Mrs. Brace read aloud:

"The Earl of Linleigh presents his compliments to Mr. Mark Brace, and begs that he will grant him a favor. The earl desires most particularly to see Mr. Brace at once, on very important business, and as the earl can not go to Brackenside he will be glad if Mr. Brace will start without delay for Linleigh Court. It is also absolutely necessary that Mr. Brace should bring with him his wife and the young lady known as Doris. The earl incloses a check for fifty pounds to cover traveling expenses, and he earnestly entreats Mr. Brace not to delay one hour in coming."

"Send for Earle," gasped Mark, "before there is another word said about it—send for Earle."

Then he was struck by the peculiar expression of his wife's face. She bent down and whispered to him.

"That is it!" he said, with sudden conviction; "that is it! Heaven bless me! I never thought of it; send for Earle."

"Is it anything of any harm to you, father?" asked Mattie, anxiously.

"No, my child. Doris, you say nothing?"

"What can I say? You are a great man to be sent for by a mighty earl. What can he want us for?"

"It has come at last!" said Mark. "Well, thank Heaven, we have done our duty. I shall not be afraid to face him or anyone else."

Then Mark sat in silence till Earle came, when he dismissed the two girls from the room, little dreaming that Doris knew far more of her own story than he did.

"Read this," he said, placing the letter in Earle's hand, "then tell me what you think."

Earle read the letter attentively.

"I think," he said, "that this concerns Doris, and that you will most probably find that the Earl is either her father, or that he knows something of her parentage."

"I expected it," said Mark, with a deep sigh; "and Heaven knows, Earle, I shall be thankful to get the girl off my hands without any more trouble; she is so unlike the rest of us. I am always wondering what she will do or say next; she is out of place here altogether. It will be a relief to me."

And honest Mark wiped his brow with the air of one who was glad to get rid of a great burden. "My wife has more sense and better judgment than any woman in England," he continued, "and she thinks he will turn out to be Doris' father. Where is the mother, I wonder? What do you advise, Earle?"

"I advise you to do exactly what Lord Linleigh says. Start at once, and take the ladies with you. The matter is evidently pressing, or he would not write so urgently."

"I must go then; but it is really a trouble, Earle. I can get on with an honest plowman or a sensible farmer, but with lords and ladies I am quite at sea. My dear boy, I dread them. I shall never forget what I went through with the duchess. Of course I know about all mankind being sons of Adam to begin with, but I like my own sort of people best, Earle."

"I do not know that you are wrong," was the reply.

"Earle," said Mark, suddenly, "will you tell Mattie about this affair when we are gone? I know she will feel it terribly; she is very fond of Doris, and neither her mother nor I have ever hinted it to her."

"I will tell her," said Earle, gravely. "Now let me do what I can toward helping you. I will drive you to Quainton Station; you must go to London first, and from London to Linleigh. It is in the south of Kent."

"I believe that you know every place in the wide world, Earle," said the farmer, admiringly.

In a short time they were all on the road to London, while Earle, left alone with Mattie, told her the whole story, and had the satisfaction, for once in his life, of seeing genuine surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

METHOD and moderation in our conduct of life are essential if we would achieve the ultimate victory. Work—even hard work and brain-work—is healthy if it is rightly gone about, if it is done willingly, if it is loved for its own sake, and not alone from regard for the "goddess of getting on," and if it is done with due regard for physical well-being, and relieved by the timely duties of rest and of moderate and natural but not sensational recreation.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOSAICS.—Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C.

CATCHING FISH.—A curious plan for catching fish is used on the big river Columbia, North America. A number of wheels are set up in the middle of the stream, which, as they turn round, catch up the fish and cast them into troughs by the river's banks. The salmon are then canned and sent all over the world. As much as five tons of fish a day have thus been taken.

NOISE.—That birds do not mind a noise so long as they feel safe from enemies is shown by a pair of pewees, who built a nest last spring and hatched out a brood in a North Limington, Me., sawmill. The nest is on a horizontal joist, within six feet of the end of the carriage where the logs are rolled. At the time of the building, laying and hatching, three saws were running and five men at work in the mill.

LETTER-WRITING IN JAPAN.—Letter-writing in Japan, like book printing, advances by vertical lines from right to left, and is always on one side of one strip of paper, which is unwound from a roll as the writer proceeds, and cut off when he finishes. To fold the letter, it is doubled over and over from one end of the strip to the other. The postage stamp is affixed on the closed seal-flap of the envelope instead of on its face. As for the mode of address, it is the exact reverse of ours.

THE OWL.—The construction of the owl's foot is peculiar. Unlike the well-known foot of the parrot, which has two toes in front and two behind, it, like that of the eagle, or—a more familiar example—the common sparrow, has one toe behind and three in front; but the first of these is capable of much lateral motion, while the fourth or outer toe is reversible, and, when the bird perches, is turned backwards, so that the bird sits on its perch with the two middle toes in front and the two outer toes behind.

MILITARY PRIDE.—Looked at from a soldierly point of view, the following little anecdote of the battle of Alma is worth quoting from Sir John Adye's "Recollections of a Military Life." "The battle ended about four o'clock in the afternoon, the head-quarters camp being pitched near the river; and Lord Raglan then went in search of his orderly officer, Lieutenant Tom Leslie, and, with the help of some Guardsmen, with a stretcher, brought him to his tent. Lord Raglan asked me," writes Sir John, "if I knew Tom's mother; and on my replying in the negative, he said, 'A charming woman. I must write to her. How proud she will be to hear that he has a bullet in his shoulder!'"

A ROYAL CHRISTENING.—The ceremony of a Royal christening in Russia is a most trying one for the child—mercifully the parents are not obliged to be present—and the infant daughter of the Czar and Czarina is happily through the ordeal. The procession of much splendor and display, in which numerous Court officials join, is a tiring preparation for the actual baptism performed by the officiating priest. The child is not merely gently touched with holy water, but immersed completely and face downwards, a skilful manipulation of the priest's hand preventing the water from suffocating the babe. After this the child is administered the sacrament, decorated with the collar of the Order of St. Catherine, and anointed with oil.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.—Oberlin, the French philanthropist, was once traveling in the depth of winter amongst the mountains of Alsace. The cold was intense, the snow lay thickly upon the ground, and ere the half of his journey was over he felt himself yielding to fatigue and sleep. He knew if he gave way to sleep he would wake no more; but in spite of this knowledge, desire for sleep overcame him and he lost consciousness. When he came to again, a wagoner in a blue blouse was standing over him, urging him to take wine and food. By-and-by his strength revived, he was able to walk to the wagon, and was soon driven to the nearest village. His rescuer refused money, saying it was his duty to assist one in distress. Oberlin begged to know his name, that he might remember him in his prayers. "I see," replied the wagoner; "you are a preacher. Tell me the name of the Good Samaritan." "I cannot," answered Oberlin, "for it is not recorded." "Ah, well," said the wagoner, "when you can tell me his name, I will then tell you mine." And so he went away.

MY PRINCE AND I.

BY E. H.

When shall we meet, my Prince and I?
"Waiting is weary!" I often sigh.
How shall I know when he is nigh?
When shall we meet?

When shall we meet? Shall warning bell
Announce his coming? I know full well
Only my beating heart can tell
When comes my Prince.

Where shall we meet? 'Mong stranger throngs,
Some joy-elated, some crushed with wrongs,
Or where enchanting Nature's songs
Have called us hence?

How shall we meet, or when or where—
Why should I trouble or dream or care,
What can it matter if he be there,
Riding to me?

Riding to me from a distance far,
Barriers often his pathway bar—
Gazing perchance on some gleaming star,
Thinking of me!

Thinking of me, though yet unknown,
Hasting to meet me, he rides alone,
Birds that away from his path have flown
Bearing to me.

Messages sweet—"I come to thee;
Wait for my coming, nor weary be;
Love, still be true, and thou soon shalt see
Me come to thee!"

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

GERALD was inclined to ask, "Under what circumstances?" but he did not. "I will go down and look at the village," he said, moving towards the door, "and I will send you my address, Mr. Sapley." At the door he paused. "Nothing more has been done to the west wing, I suppose?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Mordaunt.

"I should like to see it, if I may?"

"Certainly," rejoined Mordaunt. Gerald wished him "good-morning," and went out, and Mordaunt turned back to the library, and sinking into a chair, stared before him, breathing hard like a man who has been running at the top of his speed.

With Gerald's return, the past—the murder of Lucy, the strip of sand in which she lay buried, his frenzied walk into Thraxton—came rushing back upon him. What should he do?

Hence he was in Court Regna—as good as owner—a candidate for the county seat, a rising man, already respected and looked up to; the man who intended to be the first man in the county; and this terrible, squalid, miserable danger menacing him!

Gerald walked along the terrace. As he passed the windows of one of the smaller rooms he saw old Sapley crouching over the fire. The light of the bent, plebeian figure sent a kind of shock through Gerald.

Old Sapley and his son Mordaunt here at the Court; and Claire, the mistress, no one knew where! What did it, what could it mean! The place looked threatening ominous, as if some tragedy had taken place within its walls; a sense—too vague to be a suspicion—of something wrong, something evil, smote him.

He reached the end of the terrace and looked at the half demolished wing. It had been "cleared up," and made as tidy as possible, but its unfinished neglected appearance increased the impression the presence of the Sapleys had created.

As he stood looking at the spot from which he had dragged Claire out of reach of the falling wall—and recalling her face, her voice, her sudden agitation and meekness under his stern reproof of her recklessness, a young girl came up to him.

He remembered her in a moment; it was the little maid who waited upon Mrs. Burdon. He raised his hat and smiled at her, rather sadly.

"How do you do?" He had forgotten her name, if he had ever heard it. "And how is Mrs. Burdon?"

The girl dropped a curtsey, and looked up at him shyly, and with a smile.

"She's very weak and ailing, if you please, sir," she said.

"I am sorry to hear that," said Gerald.

"She's—she's often asked after you, sir," said the girl, after a moment's hesitation.

"For me?"

"Yes, if you please, sir; she has wanted to see you many a time; wanted, too, bad."

"To see me? Well!" said Gerald. "I'll come and see her, if you think she is well enough."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said the girl, with evident satisfaction. "She mayn't know you—that is, she may take you for——"

Gerald smiled. "I remember," he said. "Does she still mistake me for a lord?"

The girl did not reply, but looked down and smiled shyly as he walked beside her. Nurse Burdon lay in her neat little bedroom behind the sittingroom, and the maid led Gerald in.

At first he thought she was asleep, and he looked down with a strong man's pity and reverence at the face which was like a mask, a white mask of wrinkles, some thick, some thin as cobwebs; but slowly she opened her eyes, and, after looking at him a full minute, said, with singular distinctness, though in a voice as low as a sigh—

"You have come, my lord!"

"Yes, I have come to see you," said Gerald. "I hope you are—going on all right?"

"Yes, I'm going on—fast, now, my lord," she said, with a smile of contentment. "I shan't be very long. How is her ladyship? You haven't brought her?"

"I haven't brought her," assented Gerald.

"Ah, it's a rough passage in winter!" she said. "Though she was a fairly good sailor, bless her heart! How sweet she looked that day! She was a beautiful bride, my lord."

Gerald listened intently, and even eagerly. He knew, now that he had heard the captain of the Susan's story, whither her mind was wandering. There had been a marriage then!

"You were at the wedding, of course, nurse?" he said.

She smiled up at him.

"Have you forgotten that I was, my lord?" she said. "Ah, my memory's good, for all my years and my failing health; and I can see her now, and you, too! God bless her!"

Then, suddenly, as the girl moved, she beckoned Gerald and looked round cautiously.

"I've said nothing, nothing all these years, my lord! Your lordship could trust me—me, nurse Burdon! I can hold my tongue, as you told me, until you bring her home. But you did"—she looked troubled and perplexed—"you did bring her home, didn't you, my lord? I saw her at the Court, I saw her with you outside the garden there! Surely I didn't dream it!"

Gerald hadn't the heart to undeceive her; and he took her hand and pressed it. She tried to return the pressure.

"Ah, my lord, she's a loving wife, if ever there was one, and you are a happy man—a happy man!"

Her eyes closed, and her wasted hand slipped from his. Gerald thought she had fallen asleep, but suddenly she opened her eyes again and looked at him, and, to his surprise, without any sign of recognition.

"Who is this?" she asked, turning her head to the maid.

"It's the gentleman — Mr. Wayre, nurse."

The sharp look came into the mask.

"Wayre! Wayre!" she repeated. "What do you know—how dare you mention that name! I don't know this gentleman! I——" Her voice faltered into silence, and her eyes closed again.

Gerald stroked her hand, but she appeared unconscious of his touch, and he left her.

"Take care of her," he said to the maid. "But it isn't necessary to ask you to do that, I know," he added, quickly. He was about to give her some money, but it seemed an insult to the child's devoted care, and he let the coin slip into his pocket again, and went on his way.

As he passed through the gate and was striding along the road, a man came round the corner, stopped dead short at sight of Gerald, and uttered an exclamation. It was Lee.

"Hallo, Lee!" said Gerald, holding out his hand. "I'm glad I've met you so soon! How are you?"

Lee took his hand without hesitation, but looked confused and embarrassed; but only for a moment.

"When did you come back, sir?" he asked.

"An hour or two ago. I've been to look at the wing. It wasn't my fault—at least, I suppose it was!" he added, rapidly, under his breath. "I'm sorry for your sake, Lee. You would have made a good job of it, I know. But perhaps Miss Sartoris may finish it, some day. I'm going down to Regna."

Lee stared at him, seemed about to speak, then said—

"I'll go with you, sir."

"Do!" said Gerald, heartily. He had always liked the man, and was glad to see him, though his presence awakened cruel memories of the happy times gone by. "How are all our friends, the Hawkers? I suppose they can give me my old room if I stay a night or two."

Lee glanced at him.

"Captain Hawker is dead!" he said, quietly.

"Dead!" Gerald stopped short. "Dead, did you say? Oh, poor old fellow! And how is Miss Lucy?"

Lee stared at him, and then straight before him, and muttered—

"I knew it! I knew it!"

"What do you say?" asked Gerald.

"Nothing, nothing, sir," said Lee.

They walked on, Gerald inquiring for some of the other folks, and Lee answering almost in monosyllables. Gerald thought him very taciturn.

Now and again they passed some persons on the road, and Gerald nodded and smiled, but, though some nodded, they all stared.

"Singular folk!" he said, "I suppose they are surprised to see me, as Mr. Mordaunt said."

"Yes, they are surprised," said Lee, grimly.

They went down the narrow street of steps and turned on to the little terrace in front of the Hawkers. It is closed.

Gerald stared at it.

"Why—it's shut up!" he said. "Poor old Hawker. And Lucy's gone, I suppose. I am sorry, sorry!"

Lee looked hard at the house without speaking, Gerald absently tried the handle of the door. It was unlocked, and opened to him, and he went in. Lee followed him, and they looked round.

"Well, this is the saddest thing," said Gerald. "Tell me all about it, Lee. What did he die of? He seemed so hale and hearty—too fat, perhaps, poor fellow! but a long way out of death's reach."

"He died of a broken heart, sir," said Lee.

Gerald turned quickly.

"A broken heart?" he repeated, shocked and amazed. "What about? Was it money?"

"No, sir," said Lee. "It was—Lucy."

"Lucy!" exclaimed Gerald. "Why, what—what happened to her?"

As he spoke, a peculiar murmur came through the half-open door; a murmur made by several voices speaking at once, and with suppressed excitement.

Both men turned, and Gerald walked to the door. As he did so, a cry, a low threatening cry, arose from a small group collected outside.

"There he is! Yes, it's him! He's come back!"

Then, before Gerald could speak, a young fisherman thrust himself forward, and with glowering eyes, exclaimed fiercely—

"Where is she? Where is Lucy?"

"Where is—Lucy?" echoed Gerald, in stony astonishment. "Where is——?" He turned to Lee. "What does he—what do they—mean?"

"None o' that!" exclaimed the young fellow—he had been one of Lucy's lovers—"you know what we mean well enough! Where is she? You've come back, but we want her, or we want to know what's become of her!"

"Aye, that's it!" cried the others, in a threatening chorus.

Gerald stepped outside. He was still too amazed to be angry.

"One of you—not all together, please, tell me what you mean," he said, quietly.

"You know what we mean, curse you for a cowardly hypocrite!" snarled the young man. "You took her away; 'ticed her away, and broke her father's heart, and now you pretend!——Oh let me get at him! He's played her false, or he would not stand there lying about it! Let me get at him, I tell ye!"

They held him back, but Gerald had not flinched.

"You are speaking of Lucy—Captain Hawker's daughter?" he said. "And you accuse me—of—what is it?—taking her away. Be quiet, please," for the murmur of indignation had risen again. "Hear me out! You accuse me of this—this dastardly act! Well, you are wrong! I am innocent!"

A snarl of incredulity arose.

"I repeat, I am innocent! Lee," he turned to Lee who had drawn close to his elbow, "what does this mean? For God's sake explain."

"It means that we know your wickedness!" shouted a woman. "You come here like a snake in the grass, with your fine gentleman ways, and ruin a poor girl that never did you any harm; aye, and killed her father! You're a murderer as well as a entrapper o' innocent girls, that's what you be!"

"Yes, and by Heaven! I'll punish you," cried the fisherman, and he broke loose and sprang upon Gerald.

Gerald set his feet firmly, and caught the blow upon his left guard, then he seized the young fellow, and with a dexterous movement, swung him round and pinned him against the wall.

"Now, stop there!" he said, sternly. "You talk of punishing me; well, you should do it—all of you, if you liked—if I were guilty of this thing. But I am not! I am innocent! Stand quietly! I don't want to strike you, God knows; and I will not do it, if—if I can keep my blood down! I want to know the truth, the whole of this thing you lay at my door! Speak, someone!"

He looked round. Dark and threatening looks faced him at all points; at all, excepting that at which stood Jenks, who leant against one of the bulkheads on the terrace, smoking, as usual. "Lee you tell me, and—and be quick!"

Lee laid his hand on the pinioned man.

"Let him go, sir; William, you stay quiet till—till I've spoken!" The young fellow shook himself free, and stood glowering and breathing hard.

"Yes, sir; Miss Lucy was taken away; she ran away from home, and—and nothing more's been heard of her. It's true, what they say; it broke her father's heart!"

Gerald looked round.

"This," he could not go on for a moment, and the spectators viewed his hesitation with increased suspicion, or, rather, conviction; "this is terrible. Poor Lucy! Poor girl! But," his eyes flashing, "why do you dare accuse me of being her betrayer? Great Heaven! I would rather have died than injured her as you think! Why have you fixed upon me?"

His face—it was blazing with indignation now—flashed round the group. They were staggered for a moment by the vehemence of his denial, but only for a moment.

"We all know!" said a woman. "You were seen with her times out o' number!"

"Seen with her—talking—walking with her? Yes! Why not?" exclaimed Gerald.

"And alone!" persisted the voice.

"Alone? Yes, scores of times, for all I remember!" said Gerald, with fiery scorn. "And do you think that, because I stopped to speak to the poor girl—the daughter of the house in which I lived—that I was planning her ruin?

"Shame! Yes, shame! Black must be the hearts that can think such evil."

"She fled the night you left—left without a word, stole away like a thief—a thief, as you are, curse you!" broke in William. "The same night! You went together, you stole her from us—yes, from us all! If she didn't go with you, who did she go with?"

Gerald stood at bay, his face white with his emotion.

"The same night?" he repeated, dully.

"Yes!" repeated the woman. "You were seen walking with her the night before—right away up at the Court, planning it all, I'll be bound!—and the next night you both go! William's right! If she didn't go with you, who did she go with?"

Gerald swept his hand, with fierce impatience, across his forehead.

"Give me time!"

"To hatch more lies, deuce you!" snarled William.

"The same night!" said Gerald, almost to himself, as he were trying to recall it. He began to see what good cause for their suspicions these poor people had.

"Let me think! Yes! I see! I left without a word—there was no one about—I——" He turned to Lee. "Lee, they were right to suspect me! It all looks black, black as hell, against me! Wait! I've admitted that, but I tell you again that I am innocent!"

The crowd, thicker now, growled ominously.

"Come away—inside the house, sir!" said Lee, in a low voice. He knew how reckless, how fierce these simple, quiet fisher folk could be when they were roused.

There is Spanish blood in the veins of the Regna people, and it shows itself now and again. "Come inside, sir!"

"No!" said Gerald, aloud. "I am not afraid. I say, I am innocent! Until this moment I did not know that Lucy had

gone, that her father was dead! Do you believe me?"

They look at him and each other.

"I have been out of England—in Ireland have seen no paper, heard no news."

"Tell us why you went so sudden?"

The question came from the quick brain of the woman.

The crimson rose for an instant to Gerald's face, then faded, and left it white again.

"I cannot."

"Ah!" came like a deep breath from the accusers.

"It is no business of yours—no, I will not say that! It is private to me, it concerns me alone."

"And Lucy!" said the woman.

"No, that I will swear!" said Gerald, with quiet intensity. "It has nothing to do with her! I saw her for the last time on the preceding night, and not since! I left the place because—Lee knows! Speak, Lee! I sailed in the Susan, that lay at the quay."

A derisive laugh interrupted him.

"He make believe he's a sailor now!" said William. "He knows the Susan went on a long voyage! You liar!" He took a step nearer, the crowd closed round; two of the men began handling the knives with which they had been cleaning fish. Lee stripped off his coat like lightning, and stood in a line with Gerald.

"Stand back!" he said, firmly. "He speaks the truth; I know it!"

"He lies!" roared the crowd, now hot with the lust for vengeance. "Where's the girl? He's deserted her, killed her, most likely!"

They closed in, and one man struck at Gerald, Gerald guarded the blow, but only partially, and it knocked him against the door jam.

He raised his fist to strike back—he was not good at taking blows even under such strenuous circumstances as these—when a horseman rode straight into the group and scattered it.

It was Mordaunt Sapley. He was white to the lips—and must have been half mad with apprehension and excitement to ride down the steep street—and could scarcely speak for a moment.

"Stand back!" he said, hoarsely. "What does this mean? Stand back; give way! I'm a magistrate, and I'll——! Stand back!"

The crowd fell back, but grudgingly, and with low growling, like that of a wild beast balked of its prey.

"He's come back without her!" said the woman. "He won't own to it; he's left her—to starve, likely enough. Ride on, Mr. Mordaunt, and leave 'un to we! We're, some of us, Lucy's kinsfolks, and we have a right to punish 'un!"

"No, no!" said Mordaunt, his shifty eye glancing from one to the other. Suddenly they fell upon Jenks, who had now seated himself on the bulkhead, and was still smoking, as if he had no part nor lot in the business on hand. At sight of him Mordaunt felt a peculiar shiver run through him.

"Mr. Wayre," he said, with an attempt at prosperity, "what have you to say?"

Gerald broke in sternly, fiercely—the blow had roused his blood. "That I am innocent! I know nothing of the girl's fate, nothing, nothing! I can prove that I left the place alone—But no matter, for the present, about my innocence. I am accused of a dastardly crime, such as only a coward, a beast unworthy the name of man, could perpetrate. Let that pass!" His eyes flashed. "I care nothing for what they think, but I do care for the girl, and I will find the man who wronged her!"

There was something in his voice and manner that almost awed the crowd. It was as if Justice, personified in this strong man, with the white, working face, had descended from the heavens to promise them vengeance!

"You say you saw me walking and talking with her! Yes; I liked, respected Lucy Hawker! I pitied her, also; for—now I remember!—she was in trouble that night I last saw her! I advised her to confide in her father.

"That's all the clue I have; but, because I lived under the same roof, because she was a helpless, cruelly wronged woman, I will not rest until I have found her! Why—why have not some of you, who stand here so ready with your hands—and knives—not done as much?"

They looked at one another and then back at him.

"We did," said one. "Leastways, Mr. Mordaunt did. He tracked 'ee—Lucy and 'ee—to the junction——"

Gerald turned swiftly on Mordaunt, who winced and shrank, then put a bold face on it.

"I—I tried—they said that someone—a gentleman—was seen—Lucy—a bundle—" he said, disjointedly.

Gerald looked at him fiercely and keenly.

"And you at once concluded that I was the villain! Thank you, Mr. Sapley! And, yet I have something to thank you for, for you can give me a clue. Now"—he turned to the crowd—"I remain with you—here—on this spot; in this house! Do you think I could do that if I were guilty of her father's death! Here I stay! And who shall say me nay!"

"Well, if he isn't innocent, he's—he's a masterpiece!" swore one of the older men.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE crowd drew away after a time, and left Gerald and Mordaunt standing alone.

"I presume I have your permission to remain, Mr. Sapley?" said Gerald. He was still white, and his nostrils were quivering, but Mordaunt was whiter still, and seemed unable to lift his eyes from the ground. He stood flicking his legs with his riding whip.

"Certainly!" he replied. "Of course. Though I must say that I think your offer rather—quixotic; and I don't see what good you can effect by remaining here and playing the amateur detective."

"Do you still suspect me, Mr. Sapley?" asked Gerald, his eyes fixed searchingly on Mordaunt's face.

"Of course not," said Mordaunt. "I am bound to accept the word of a gentleman; but you must admit that the case looks very clear against you."

"I admit it," said Gerald shortly. "It is because the evidence is so strong against me that I claim the right to prove my innocence by discovering the guilty man."

"I fear you will never succeed," said Mordaunt, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is so long ago, and the girl left no clue behind her."

"You forget the man who was seen with her at the station, and the bundle," said Gerald.

Mordaunt's eyelids twitched. "I should advise you not to attach too much importance to that," he said. "There may have been half a dozen such couples at the station that night."

"Then I'll find every one of the half-dozen," said Gerald. "The man who lured her away must have been here before, must have been seen with her."

Mordaunt shrugged his shoulders again. "Some commercial traveler, or captain of a vessel," he said; "who has disappeared as mysteriously as he came. And, perhaps, after all, Mr. Wayre, we may be doing him an injustice; he may have married the girl."

"If he has not," said Gerald, "I'll make him—if she is still alive!"

Mordaunt with difficulty repressed a start of fear. "Alive!" he echoed, with a short laugh. "Why should she not be? Don't made the tragedy blacker than it is!"

"It is black enough for me already," said Gerald. "But I am thinking more of Lucy than myself, of the poor girl and her broken-hearted father."

"Well, I wish you every success," said Mordaunt. "I need scarcely say that I have done all I could to trace her. Is there anything I can do for you to make you comfortable here?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Gerald. "I shall be glad if you will send me Miss Sartoris' address, when you know it," he added, as Mordaunt turned away. And Mordaunt looked over his shoulder and replied—

"Certainly; immediately I learn it."

Gerald went into the house, and after a moment or two Lee followed him, and, without a word, commenced lighting the fire.

"You don't think me guilty, Lee?" said Gerald, as he opened the window.

"No, sir," said Lee. "Not from the first."

"Who did it?" asked Gerald.

Lee shook his head, and stolidly piled on the coal, then, while Gerald paced up and down, Lee tidied the room, and made it somewhat comfortable.

"You're a true friend, Lee," said Gerald, holding out his hand. "I shall never forget the way you've stood by me!"

Lee colored with pleasure. "A chap wouldn't be worth much, sir, if he could not stand by a man when he saw him wronged."

"Come upstairs with me," said Gerald. "I want to see if I can find any clue."

They went upstairs and found things in strange order, just as they had been left after Captain Hawker's death. Gerald went into Lucy's room, and looked round, with sad reverence; a grim foreboding smote him at sight of the narrow bed.

"The whole place has been searched for some clue, sir," said Lee; "and nothing was found."

They went into Gerald's old room, and the sight of things lying about, of the drawings and plans, awakened the keen memory of the few happy days—all too happy—he had spent at Court Regna.

"I shall sleep here," he said, "I feel as if the truth would reveal itself, if ever it does, in this room."

They went downstairs again and discussed the problem, and Gerald explained his long absence.

"If you had only sent me your address, sir," said Lee, regretfully.

Gerald winced and colored. "After I had received notice of the discontinuance of the work, my connection with Court Regna had ceased, Lee," he said, "and I wished to forget it."

Lee wanted to stay and cook for him, and share in his quest; but Gerald would not permit him, and, after a time, Lee left him alone. Gerald lit a pipe, and sat down beside the fire to think.

He had undertaken to find Lucy's betrayer; how was he to begin? His mind traveled back to every occasion on which he had seen her, and, during the course of this retrospect, he remembered the evening he had been sitting on the quay, and seen her go round the rock with a young fellow whom he had failed to recognize.

He remembered that he had thought the man bore some resemblance to Mordaunt Sapley. But this vague resemblance did not help Gerald much. Even if had led him to suspect Mordaunt, the suspicion would not have remained in his mind; for Mordaunt had evidently not left the place; was here still.

Besides, Mordaunt Sapley was too ambitious a man to imperil the prospects of his career by an intrigue with a girl so much below his own station. The man must either have been a stranger, or one of the young men in the place.

He went down to the quay and made inquiries as to who had left Regna at the time of Lucy's disappearance. He found a group collected there, talking eagerly and excitedly.

At first they received him with coldness and covert suspicion, but his utter fearlessness and his evident sincerity soon told upon them, and they answered his questions eagerly.

No one whom they could possibly suspect—save himself—had left Regna at the time. Everybody had been on the alert; it would have been impossible for one of the young men to have disappeared without being suspected.

Gerald—he did not declare his innocence again—left them, and returned to the cottage. As he entered a thought struck him, and made him stop short as if he had been shot.

If all Regna had thought him guilty, so also must Claire have done! The thought sent the blood surging through his heart. Here, then, was the explanation of her refusal, of her coldness, of his dismissal!

He was so overwhelmed by the reflection, by the feverish desire to find her that very instant and declare his innocence, that he did not remember for a minute or two that her refusal of him had been given hours before Lucy's disappearance.

The remembrance brought him relief, but still left the mystery of her coldness as complete as that of Lucy's fate.

It was only natural that his thoughts should flow towards Claire; he had almost forgotten her in the excitement of the last few hours; but now, her disappearance began to loom upon him almost as heavily as that of Lucy.

Where had she gone? Why had she left no address? And why were the Sapleys installed at Court Regna?

He spent the greater part of the night futilely asking these and similar questions; he might as well have asked them of the Sphinx.

Early the next morning he went down to the station, and commenced his inquiries. He was met by a kind of civil impatience.

No one knew anything. He went to the junction, and interviewed every official; but he could get no information, and he could not discover the man who had told Mordaunt of the young man and woman with the bundle. Everybody declared that he had not seen such a couple or that if he had he had forgotten them.

This struck Gerald as strange.

He returned to Thraxton. As he was walking from the station, he met Lord Chester. His lordship was riding along slowly, with his head bent and an abstracted look on his face.

Gerald thought that he had aged very much. He and Lord Chester had exchanged a few words in the old days, and some impulse prompted Gerald to stop and raise his hat. Lord Chester regarded him absently for a moment as he returned the salute, then said—

"Mr. Wayre, I believe? Good morning, Mr. Wayre; I have not seen you for some time."

"No, my lord," said Gerald, "I have been away. During my absence sad changes have taken place in Regna."

Lord Chester colored slightly.

"You allude to Miss Sartoris' absence, Mr. Wayre?"

"That was not in my thought for the moment, my lord," said Gerald. "I was referring to the disappearance of Captain Hawker's daughter."

Lord Chester looked at him steadfastly, and with a certain coldness, which brought the color to Gerald's face.

"I should like to say, my lord," he said, "that I am innocent of any wrong that may have been done. I can scarcely ask you to believe this, but I am waiting for the return of the vessel in which I left Regna on the day of the girl's flight, to make my innocence clear. Until then, I must be content to remain under the shadow of suspicion."

Lord Chester looked steadily at him, then held out his hand.

"Mr. Wayre, I cannot but believe you," he said.

Gerald swallowed a lump in his throat as he took the white hand.

"I ventured to stop you, my lord, to ask you a question," he said. "Can you tell me Miss Sartoris' address?"

The color rose to Lord Chester's face again.

"I regret that I cannot," he said. "I have tried to discover it. Miss Sartoris left the Court quite suddenly, without bidding farewell to any of her friends. She has not written to any of us. I can claim no right to her confidence, beyond that which belongs to——" He hesitated a moment, then, still meeting Gerald's grave regard, said with quiet dignity, "a most sincere and abiding affection."

Gerald inclined his head before this frank admission, and the evident signs of the speaker's grief and anxiety.

"She has gone to the South of Europe, in company with a relative," said Lord Chester.

"Who told you this?" asked Gerald in his curt way.

"The Sapleys," replied Lord Chester. "It is generally known."

"And the Sapleys are ruling at the Court?" said Gerald. "Can you explain that, Lord Chester?"

Lord Chester's brows drew together. "I cannot!" he said. "It is a mystery to me. It troubles me. Why do you ask me these questions, Mr. Wayre?" he added.

Gerald felt a strange impulse to tell him the truth. "Because I love Miss Sartoris, Lord Chester," he said.

The blood flew to Lord Chester's face, and his hands gripped the reins tightly.

"You!" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I!" said Gerald. "Do not misunderstand me, my lord. My love is quite hopeless; but it is my excuse for asking you for tidings of her, for being dissatisfied with the explanation given by the Sapleys."

Lord Chester regarded him in silence for a moment, then he said, "I too, am dissatisfied; but what can I do, what can you do?

We have no right to spy upon Miss Sartoris' movements. She is her own mistress, and have no authority to question her actions. We can only wait until we hear from her, or she returns. God grant that may be soon!"

"Amen!" said Gerald, almost fiercely. "There has been foul play in one direction, and all my mind is blackened with suspicion."

"What do you suspect?" asked Lord Chester.

"I do not know!" responded Gerald curtly. "My lord, you will keep my secret?"

Lord Chester inclined his head, as if it were not necessary for him to give the assurance in words.

"Come to me, Mr. Wayre, if you wish to confer with me or need assistance of any kind. Miss Sartoris' well being is more to me than life itself." He touched his hat and rode on.

Gerald strode along, deeply moved, for he, in telling his secret, had learnt Lord Chester's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."

At First Sight.

BY C. L. C.

"NOW that my wife is not here to feel jealous," said the Captain, with a twinkle in his eye, as the ladies left the table, "I do not mind telling you my own experience of love at first sight."

We had been discussing, over dinner, which were the more lasting, attachments formed quickly, or those of slower growth; and though I had noticed more than once a peculiar smile pass between our host and hostess, neither of them had offered any opinion on the subject.

Captain Mendacott and his wife are the most devoted couple of my acquaintance, and I had been disappointed not to hear their ideas on the subject. Now that we were promised those of our host, I prepared to listen with interest.

"Five years ago," began the Captain, as we settled down to hear his story, "I fell in love instantly with a lady I saw in the Row, a lady who possessed the most beautiful head of red-gold hair that I had ever seen."

"Then it was not Mrs. Mendacott?" I said, for although I knew that the Captain had met his wife about five years before the date of the story, still there was no suspicion of red in the beautiful gold of the pretty little woman's hair.

The Captain smiled mysteriously.

"Please wait until you have heard the story," he said. "I mentioned the red-gold not as a means of identification, but because it was that which attracted my attention, I believe, as the lady swept by me in her carriage. When I glanced at her keenly, I saw that her face was as beautiful as her hair, and just as I realised the fact, she happened to look up; her eyes met mine, and she seemed to smile involuntarily.

"In that moment I was head over ears in love with her. In that moment I believe I said to myself, 'That is the woman I shall make my wife.' I was on horseback when we met, and had been riding in the opposite direction, but I turned my horse round at once, and followed the beautiful vision in the stylish victoria. Now that I had met my ideal woman, I had no intention of losing sight of her until I had discovered who she was, and when the victoria turned out of the Park, through the Albert Gate, I followed, keeping it well in sight.

"Unfortunately, however, as I thought at the time, the traffic parted us outside the Park, and my undeviating respect for the law in the shape of a policeman, kept me waiting at the wrong side of Piccadilly, while the victoria with its lovely occupant, which had just managed to get across before the traffic was stopped, turned into Sloane Street. By the time that I could cross the road, it was dashing along in the far distance, and in another moment turned up a side street to the right.

"I followed excitedly, but the delay had been disastrous, and by the time that I reached the corner round which the lady with the red hair had disappeared, it was only to meet the victoria returning empty. It was still going at a brisk pace, and disappeared before I could make up my mind whether to stop the driver and find out the lady's name and address from him in some manner. I was obliged to have recourse to the ubiquitous errand boy. A specimen of the genus was coming along the pavement with a basket on his arm, and I beckoned him over to me.

"'Did you notice where that carriage stopped a moment ago?' I asked, with a nod towards the retreating vehicle.

"As I expected, he was full of information in a moment. The victoria had stopped outside a house with yellow blinds, on the right-hand side of Monmouthshire Street, a short avenue of aristocratic houses round the corner. A lady with red hair had entered the house as he passed, and the carriage had immediately driven off. He offered to point the house out to me, but I preferred to take his detailed description of it, and waited until he had gone with half-a-crown of mine in his pocket before riding in a leisurely way through Monmouthshire Street. The house with the yellow blinds was No. 3.

"Pleased with my success, I hurried home to consult the directory, only to find further good fortune awaiting me. The occupant of No. 3 Monmouthshire Street, was a Colonel Seton-Smith, and although I had never met the gentleman, still I remembered his name as that of a great friend of an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Daintry. I remembered now that the doctor had mentioned the fact that Colonel Seton-Smith had an only daughter—a very charming girl."

"By the way, Captain," I said, interrupting him, "was not Mrs. Mendacott a Seton-Smith before her marriage?"

I had a sort of vague impression that it was so, but could not tell whether the impression was a true one, or had only been suggested by the story. My host would not enlighten me.

"You are trying to spoil my story," he said, with his mysterious smile. "I must absolutely refuse to give any information on the point," and he stopped with a warning gesture my neighbor, who was about to answer my question.

"It seemed to me, as it does still," the Captain went on, continuing his story, "that there is a special Providence looking after our love affairs, and when I met Daintry in the course of the week, I managed, without raising his suspicions in the least, to get an invite to dinner on a day that the Seton-Smiths were expected. So far everything had gone on oiled wheels, and when I dressed myself up with greater care than I had ever done in my life before, to attend Daintry's dinner-party, about a fortnight after the momentous meeting in the Row, I felt that an eventful evening in my life had arrived.

"I had spent the fortnight chiefly in thinking of the beautiful girl with the red hair; and twice I had ventured to ride through Monmouthshire Street, without, however, catching a glimpse of my ideal. Neither did I see her in the Row again, although I spent most of my time there.

"Judge the excitement I felt when I entered my friend's drawing-room rather late, and glanced round quickly for the mass of red-gold that filled my thoughts. There were about twenty people present, but my heart sank when I found the object of my instantaneous adoration was not among them.

"'You are the last to arrive,' said Mrs. Daintry to me, and I glanced at her in surprise.

"'Miss Seton-Smith is not coming then?' I asked, crestfallen.

"'Oh! yes, she is here. I am going to ask you to take her in to dinner. Mark says that you have done nothing but talk about her. Let me introduce you.'

"I wondered why she had lowered her voice to a whisper, and why a pretty girl near her had started when I mentioned the name of Miss Seton-Smith."

"She was Miss Seton-Smith herself, I suppose?" asked my neighbor, and the Captain smiled.

"Yes, but her hair had no red in it, and although her cast of face was sufficiently like that of my divinity to make me think her beautiful, still it certainly was not my divinity herself, and I am afraid that the young lady must have thought me very gauche when our hostess introduced me, for the completeness of my astonishment fairly took my breath away.

"As I took her down to dinner, however, I saw that the position was easy of explanation. My mistake had arisen, of course, from the absurd way in which I jumped to the conclusion that the girl with the red hair must live in the house she had entered. Owing, perhaps, to the fact that her victoria had driven away, it had never occurred to me that she might be only a visitor, and over the meal I began adroitly questioning my neighbor about her friends and acquaintances.

"To my surprise, however, she looked perfectly blank at the mention of a young lady with red-gold hair. She could not remember a single friend with hair of that color, she said. The determined assurance with which she spoke made me wonder for an instant whether she had some object in deceiving me, although if I had looked at her more closely, or had my mind less full of the other girl, I should have seen that her clear eyes proved her incapable of deception.

"In my extremity I was obliged to abandon auroitness.

"'The lady must have called upon you,' I said. 'The fact is that I happened to be passing your house in Monmouthshire Street about a fortnight ago, and saw her entering it,' and I was going on to describe the victoria when my partner interrupted me, smiling.

"'We left Monmouthshire Street about six months ago,' she said, and I ceased my questioning abruptly, afraid of her guessing what the sole reason of my anxiety for an introduction had been. Mrs. Daintry was such an incorrigible matchmaker that I was sure she had made the most use of the eagerness I had displayed, and—well, if she had mentioned that eagerness to Miss Seton-Smith, the position was not a very comfortable one for either of us, was it? I did my best to make her forget my questioning by talking incessantly about ordinary topics, but I was very glad when the evening to which I had looked forward so much was over.

"I was disappointed, of course, at this unexpected hitch in my love-story when it seemed to be progressing so smoothly, but my ardor was only increased by it. 'The course of true love never did run smooth,' I said to myself, consolingly; and early the next morning I was back in Monmouthshire Street, intending to make inquiries on the spot as to the real occupants of the house with the yellow blinds. When I reached it, however, another blow awaited me. The house was empty, and there were bills up in the windows to say that it was to let."

The Captain looked round to see the effect of this quite dramatic announcement, and took a sip at his wine.

"Well," he went on, seeing our faces full of interest, "I never let a check discourage me; and I went off at once to the agent who had the letting of the house to make inquiries about his late tenant. He could not tell me much. The house had been taken for a very short period, he said, by a Mr. Rowntree, but who Rowntree was, or where he had gone, he did not know. The rent had been paid in advance, and no references had been given. Beyond the name I could learn nothing, and I could not be sure that the name even was that of my girl with the red hair.

"The agent could not tell me whether his tenant was a married man or whether he had a daughter. He understood that he had given up the house earlier than he intended through some serious pecuniary loss. That was all, and the news made my search more hopeless still, for it prevented me knowing among what society to look for my heroine, and suggested a reason why I had not seen, and should not ever see, her victoria in the Row."

"Well, what did you do next?" somebody asked, as the Captain paused to take take another sip of wine, and I was afraid that our host had been playing with us when he answered quietly:

"Nothing. There was nothing I could think of."

I was relieved when he went on:

"My next meeting with the girl with the red hair was again accidental. Some months had passed, and I will admit that the impression she had made upon me was becoming less distinct, when I found her in Cheapside selling flowers."

"Selling flowers!" we exclaimed, incredulously, and our host nodded.

"Yes, I recognised her at once, although the beautiful hair was almost hidden under an old hat, and the graceful figure I had admired in the victoria draped with a shabby shawl. She was standing by the kerb in Cheapside, selling violets at a penny a bunch. You may think that the fact would have damped my enthusiasm, but I am proud to say that it increased it. A lady does not cease to be a lady just because poverty has driven her to adopt a humble occupation.

"I admired the courage which in the wreck, as I imagined, of her father father's fortune, had made her so nobly stoop to it; and I determined that, if I could get to know her, I would save her from the direful necessity by making her my wife. I bought a bunch of her violets, giving her a sovereign for them, and tried to question her, but I found her very reserved. I half thought that she remembered our meeting in the Row, but could not be certain. Whether she did or not, she could see that I considered her a lady, and you can understand her unwillingness to speak about herself.

"I had all the difficulty in the world in getting her to give me her address, that of a court off Drury Lane, and she only gave it when she saw that I was determined, if she refused, not to lose of sight of me. I ought to have guessed, under the circumstances, that I was driving her to a lie. When I called, later in the day, at the address she had given me, in order to see her father, it was only to find the address a false one.

"Incensed by my stupidity, I hastened back to the spot where I had seen her in Cheapside, but I was too late, and when, day after day, I roamed the streets searching for her red hair under every flower-girl's bonnet, my concern for her destitution was rendered a hundred times more intense by the feeling that my own sympathetic inquiries had driven her from her means of livelihood, humble as it was. I do not like to look back on those days."

"And did you ever meet her again?" I asked, my interest increasing; as the story became almost a tragic one, and the Captain resumed:

"Yes; the next time I met her, she appeared to have raised herself a little in the social scale. I happened to feel faint one day when I was in the suburbs. It was just after my bad attack of influenza, and my strength had not come back. Feeling a sudden giddiness, I went into the nearest tavern, and found the girl with the red hair serving behind the bar. The place was full of customers, so I made no attempt to talk to her, and in the rush of business she did not appear to recognise me.

"I went round as soon as my faintness had passed to the private door of the tavern, and asking for the proprietor, made inquiries about the girl, which my previous experience had warned me not to make from the girl herself. Very properly, I suppose, he refused to answer them, until I explained my reason for making them, and as I was not prepared to do that, my desire to know more about my heroine was still unsatisfied. All that he would tell me was that his barmaid was a new one. She had only been with him for a couple of days, in fact. Her address, he told me, I must get from the girl herself, if I wanted it.

"I was still too ill to try and do so then. As a matter of fact, I drove home in the first cab I could find, and was confined to my bed for three days. But as soon I was up again, I was off to the suburban tavern, taking my mother with me this time, in order to prevent a wrong construction being placed upon my interest in the girl who still bewitched me more than ever. The innkeeper met us in a state of fierce indignation against his barmaid.

"It seemed that my inquiries had roused his suspicions of her honesty in some manner, and had made him try to verify the references which she had given him, and which he had not troubled to look into before. The result of his inquiries had been the discovery that every fact she had told him about herself, even her address, were false. 'And where is she now?' I asked, eagerly, but the enraged man shook his head. 'I have no idea. I ordered her out of the place at once, and she ought to feel thankful that I did not prosecute her,' he said, and I was left with the bitter reflection that once more my desire to benefit my heroine had proved disastrous to her.

"It seemed as if I were her evil genius when I desired to be only her good one. For her dishonesty, although it certainly jarred on me, I tried to make excuses to myself and to my mother, ascribing it to the terrible stress of her poverty, and her desire to keep herself and her father from starvation.

"Perhaps the fact that she had deliberately deceived her employer made me, however, a little less ardent in my pursuit of her, and for the next news I had of the girl with the red hair I had to thank the mysterious chance which seemed to be bringing us always together only to part us again.

"A month or two afterwards I happened to be in the office of my friend Vincent Jones. He is editor of a well-known weekly paper, you know, and on the rare occasion when he is not head-over-ears in work, is one of the most interesting men to talk to that I know.

"I often call at his sanctum in Maiden Lane, and was lucky enough on this occasion to find him with a little time to spare for a chat. If he had been too engaged to do more than point to a chair and a paper, as usually happens, I am afraid that I should have had to insist upon his talking, for hanging over his dusty mantel-shelf was a life-like cabinet photograph of the girl with the red hair.

"'Who is that?' he said, in answer to

my excited inquiry, 'Oh! that is Miss Rowntree, one of the cleverest young lady journalists in the Press. She has just been writing us a series of articles on the different occupation of women—life as a flower-girl, life as a housemaid, and so on, all written from personal experience. At present she is passing herself off for a week as a laundry girl. Pretty girl, isn't she? and she has the dash and courage of Mephistopheles.'"

"And did you meet her eventually?" somebody asked, impatiently, and the Captain drained his glass.

"No; Jones offered to introduce me," he said drily, "but I did not care to accept his offer. I draw the line at lady journalists who can accept a sovereign given from the purest charity just to make copy out of it, and inconvenience employers by forging references.

"For a wife I prefer the good, sweet, old-fashioned womanly woman, and thank heaven I have found her, although I did not fall in love with her at first sight. Still, I think there was a Providence in that meeting in the Row, for it led to my knowing my dear wife. Yes, her name was once Seton-Smith."

A Torch Hunt.

BY C. M. B.

THE American deer is hunted for its flesh, its hide, and "the sport." There are many modes of hunting it. The simplest and most common is that which is termed "still" hunting. In this the hunter is armed with his rifle or deer-gun—a heavy fowling-piece—and steals forward upon the deer, as he would upon any other game. "Cover" is not so necessary as silence in such a hunt.

This species of deer, like some antelopes, is of a curious disposition, and will sometimes allow the hunter to approach in full view without attempting to run off. But the slightest noise, such as that of dry leaves or the snapping of a stick, will alarm him. His sense of hearing is extremely acute. His nose, too, is a keen one, and he often scents the hunter, and makes off long before the latter has got within sight or range. It is necessary in "still" hunting to leave the dog at home; unless, indeed, he be an animal trained to the purpose.

Another species of hunting is "trailing" the deer in snow. This is done either with dogs or without them. The snow must be frozen over, so as to cut the feet of the deer, which puts them in such a state of fear and pain that the hunter can easily get within shot.

I have assisted in killing twenty in a single morning in this way; and that too in the district where deer were not accounted plentiful.

The "drive" is the most exciting mode of hunting deer; and the one practised by those who hunt for the sport. This is done with hounds, and the horsemen who follow them also carry guns. In fact, there is hardly a species of hunting in America in which fire arms are not put to use.

Several individuals are required to make up a "deer drive." They are generally men who know the "lay" of the country, with all its ravines and passes. One or two only accompany the hounds as "drivers," while the rest get between the place where the dogs are beating the cover and some river toward which it is calculated the startled game will run.

They deploy themselves into a long line, which sometimes extends for many miles through the forest. Each, as he arrives at his station or "stand" as it is called, dismounts, ties his horse in a thicket, and takes his stand, "covering" himself behind a log or tree.

The stands are selected with reference to the configuration of the ground, or by paths which the deer are accustomed to take; and as soon as all have so arranged themselves, the dogs at a distant point are set loose, and the "drive" begins.

The "stand men" remain quiet, with their guns in readiness. The barking of the dogs, afar off through the woods, usually admonishes them when a deer has been "put up," and they watch with eager expectation, each one hoping that the game may come his way.

Hours are sometimes passed without the hunter ever seeing or hearing a living thing but himself and his horse; and many a day he returns home from such a "chase" without having had the slightest glimpse of either buck, doe, or fawn.

This is discouraging, but at other times he is rewarded for his patient watching. A buck comes bounding forward, the hounds after him in full cry. At intervals he stops, and throws himself back on his haunches like a baited bare. His eyes are protruded, and watching backward.

His beautiful neck is swollen with fear and rage, and his branching antlers tower high in the air. Again he springs forward, and approaches the silent hunter, who, with a beating heart, holds his piece in the attitude of "ready." He makes another of his pauses.

The gun is levelled, the trigger pulled, the bullet speeds forth, and strikes into his broad chest, causing him to leap upward in the spasmodic effort of death. The excitement of a scene like this rewards the hunter for his long and lonely vigil.

"Torch hunting," or "fire hunting," as it is sometimes termed, is another method of capturing the fallow deer.

It is done by carrying a torch in a very dark night through woods where deer are known to frequent. The torch is made of pine knots, well dried. They are not tied in bunches, as represented by some writers, but carried in a vessel of hard metal. A frying-pan with a long handle is best for the purpose.

The "knots" are kindled within the pan, and if good ones, yield a blaze that will light the woods for a hundred yards around.

The deer seeing this strange object, and impelled by curiosity, approaches within range, and the "glance" of his eyes, like two burning coals, betrays him to the hunter, who with his deadly rifle "sights" between the shining orbs and fires.

Let me describe a "torch hunt," which ended with an odd catastrophe. It took place in Tennessee, where I was sojourning. I was not much of a hunter at the time, but happening to reside in a "settlement" where there were some celebrated hunters, and in the neighborhood of which was an abundance of game, I was fast getting initiated.

I had heard, among other things, of this "torch hunting"—in fact, had read many interesting descriptions of it, but I had never witnessed the sport myself, and was therefore eager, above all things, to join in a torch hunt.

The opportunity at length offered. A party was made up to go fire hunting, of which I was one.

There were six of us in all; but it was arranged that we should separate into three pairs, each taking its own torch and a separate course through the woods.

In each pair one was to carry the light, while the other managed the "shooting iron." We were all to meet at an appointed rendezvous when the hunt was over.

These preliminaries being arranged and the torches made ready, we separated. My partner and I soon plunged into the deep forest. The night was dark as pitch—dark nights are the best—and when we entered the woods we had to grope our way.

Of course, we had not yet set fire to our torch, as we had not reached the place frequented by the deer.

My companion was an old hunter, and by right should have carried the gun, but it was arranged differently, out of compliment to me—the stranger. He held in one hand a huge fryingpan, while in a bag over his shoulder was a bushel or more of dry pine knots.

On arriving at the place where it was expected deer would be found, we set fire to our torch, and in a few moments the blaze threw its glaring circle around us, painting with vermilion tints the trunks of the great trees.

In this way we proceeded onward, advancing slowly, and with as little noise as possible. We talked only in whispers, keeping our eyes turned upon all sides at once. But we walked and walked, up hill and down hill, for, I should say, ten miles at the least; and not a single pair of bright orbs answered to our luminary. Not a deer's eye reflected the blaze of our torch.

I had grown quite tired in this fruitless search. So had my companion, and both of us felt chagrin and disappointment. We felt this more keenly as there had been a sort of wager laid between us and our friends, as to what party would kill the greatest number of deer, and we fancied once or twice that we heard shots far off in the direction the others had gone. We were likely to come back empty-handed, while they, no doubt, would bring a deer each, perhaps more.

We were returning toward the point from which we had started, both of us in a most unamiable mood, when all at once an object right before us attracted my attention, and brought me to a sudden halt.

I did not wait to ask any questions. A pair of small round circles glistened in the darkness like two little discs of fire. Of course, they were the eyes of a deer. I could see nobody, for the two luminous objects shone as if set in a ground of ebony. But I did not stay to scan in what they were set.

My piece was up. I glanced hastily along the barrel. I sighted between the eyes. I pulled the trigger. I fired. As I did so, I fancied that I heard my companion shouting to me, but the report hindered me from hearing what he said.

When the echoes died away, however, his voice reached me in a full, clear tone, crying out:—

"Tarnation, young fellur! Youv'e shot Squire Robbins' bull!"

At the same time the bellowing of the bull, mingling with his own loud laugh, convinced me at once that he had spoken the truth.

The hunter was a good old fellow, and promised to keep it dark; but it was necessary to make it all right with the Squire. The affair soon got wind, and my shot became, for a time, the standing joke of the settlement.

JEWISH MARRIAGE AND ITS DUTIES.—Marriages were supposed to be arranged in heaven; and forty days before the birth of a child, it was there announced to whom he or she was to be wedded.

The marriage relation should be entered between eighteen and twenty; but these ties do not prevent the zealous student from prosecuting his studies.

The policy of second marriages was considered doubtful, as nothing made up for the loss of a wife. (Isaiah liv. 6.) An unmarried person was without any good, (Gen. ii. 18,) without joy, (Deut. xiv. 26.) without blessing, (Ezek. xliv. 30,) without protection, (Jer. xxxi. 23,) without peace, (Job v. 24,) and could not properly be called a man. (Gen. v. 2.)

In the choice of a wife, regard should be paid to her family, as daughters generally imitate their fathers, and sons their maternal uncles. The most prized connection was that with the family of a sage, or at least with that of a ruler of a synagogue, or the president of a poor board.

Connection with the unlettered could not be allowed, unless the wealth so acquired were to be devoted to assist the sage in his studies; in general, the unlearned were "dead even while living." (Isaiah xxv. 14.)

Mutual affection and modesty, especially on the part of the wife, was regarded as the chief means of obtaining male descendants.

It was observed that God formed woman neither out of the head, lest she should become proud, nor out of the eye, lest she should lust, nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious, nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative, nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous, nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous, nor out of the foot, lest she should gad about, but out of the rib, which was always covered.

Improper marriages—from lust for beauty or for money—were strongly condemned, and described as leading to wretchedness, inasmuch as whether good or bad, woman is always so in the superlative degree. The husband is bound not only to honor and love, but to treat his wife with courtesy; her tears call down Divine vengeance.

In general, he is to spend less than his means warrant for food, up to his means for his own clothing, and beyond that limit for his wife and children.

As woman is formed from a rib, and man from the ground, man seeks a wife, and vice versa; he only seeks what he has lost.

This also explains why man is more easily reconciled than woman—he is made of soft earth, and she of hard bone.

A woman should abstain from all appearance of evil, immodesty, or impropriety; she should always meet her husband cheerfully, cleanly, and kindly, receive his friends with politeness and affability, and be obedient, and respectful.

SIX RULES OF HEALTH.—The secret of health and of long life lies in the following very simple things:

1. Breathe fresh air day and night.
2. Take sufficient sleep and rest.
3. Work like a man, but never overwork.
4. Avoid passion and excitement; the anger of an instant may be fatal.
5. Do not strive to take the whole world on your shoulders—trust to your good destiny.
6. Never despair. Lost hope is a mortal malady.

Scientific and Useful.

SHOP WINDOWS.—In Paris a novel apparatus has been fixed in front of the windows of a few shops, pioneering the way for the introduction of the invention. It consists of a small pipe laid along the exterior of the shop window, and from this, through numerous holes, is emitted a gentle current of warm air, slightly scented, which is very agreeable to the shop window gazers to sniff, while it keeps the windows clear and bright, thus more effectively displaying the contents.

PORTABLE BALCONY.—This is a temporary iron work screen or guard which can be placed upon any window ledge while the glass is being cleaned. It is secured in place by counter-weights, which hang towards the floor inside the window, and seems to well answer the purpose for which it is designed. It is needless to remind our readers that many fatal accidents have been recorded in connection with domestic window cleaning, and an invention which promises immunity from such disasters is worthy of mention.

PRESERVING WOOD.—A new method of preserving wood is known as Vulcanizing or Hasklnizing, after the name of its inventor, Colonel S. E. Haskin. Hitherto, all methods of preserving wood have been based upon the assumption that the sap must be discharged from out the pores, and must be replaced by some chemical antiseptic body such as creosote. Colonel Haskin holds that this system is wrong in theory, and that the sap being the life blood of the wood, should remain, being subject to special treatment. By certain processes in which heat plays a very important part the sap is rendered insoluble, and the wood is no longer capable of absorbing moisture. This vulcanized wood is coming into use for all kinds of constructive work. It is odorless, can in the process be charged with any desired stain; it works well under all cutting tools, and is practically indestructible.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Cultivation for the purpose of destroying weeds also assists in retaining moisture. The act of killing weeds also adds to the ability of the crops to secure extra moisture and plant food and make more rapid growth.

MOLES.—An English correspondent, protesting against the destruction of moles, says in the fields they are of incalculable benefit to the agriculturalist, for not only do they clear the ground of worms and other pests, but they drain it.

LINSEED.—About two ounces of linseed meal added to the food of a horse once a day will cost but little and greatly add to the condition of the animal in assisting to regulate the bowels and improve the coat. It is considered the best of all remedies for "hide bound," and is highly relished by all classes of stock.

GRASS.—Good farmers whose interest lie in the grain and grass are rapidly learning that the most profitable place for their manure for grain crops is upon a sod of the previous year, so that the chemistry of the soil can better prepare it for the grain crop, while the immediately available parts feed at once the grass.

DRY AND GREEN.—To suddenly change from dry feed to green feed will derange the digestive apparatus as surely as a sudden change from green feed to dry feed. And the change should always be made when the stomach is full. That is, do not give an animal food to which it is unaccustomed when its stomach is empty.

WALKING.—While the horses are young make it a constant effort to teach them to be rapid walkers; there is no better way to increase their capacity for work. See that they have a change of food occasionally; they should have an exclusive corn diet after they get at the heavy spring work; and give them something better than a hard floor to sleep upon.

STALLS.—It is necessary not only to clean the stalls thoroughly, but they should be washed with a hose and disinfected at least once a week. This may be laborious, but it not only adds cleanliness, but prevents the herd from being attacked by disease which are liable to spread. Too much precaution cannot be exercised in this matter.

TO LET A COLD HAVE ITS OWN WAY is to assist in laying the foundation for Consumption. To cure the most stubborn cough or cold, you have only to use judiciously Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. B. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 15, 1896.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
3 Copies One Year..... 5.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

About Secrets.

What is it that makes a secret so attractive? Its fascination is doubtless in most cases complex. The dread secrets of earlier ages, and of troublous times and despotic countries even now, have by their terribleness drawn many into their fatal circle. For certain minds anything hidden and ghoulish has the charm of the snake for the bird. But less awful than that is the pleasure of playing with mystery, as we see it in the people who dabble in spiritualism or in mesmerism. A glint of this pleasure is generally present when we are in pursuit of a serious secret. There is, too, a sense of romance when we are searching for an elusive secret.

For a quarter of a century five-sixths of the stories that entertained the civilized fraction of mankind were cunningly woven round a secret; and though that fashion has now somewhat declined, every tale-teller contrives to gain a large part of the interest of his tale from a clever concealment of life's great secret—the gifts of the future.

The popularity of secrets has led to loose applications of the word. A man, for example, is sometimes accused of secrecy, by such as give themselves up to curiosity, because he does not chatter about business that is peculiarly his own. There is no reason why any one should tell his neighbors a large part of his business; there is no reason why they should wish to know it. It is not a secret; it is simply not their business. If he were to blab it all, he would appear self-conceited or a simpleton; if they were to inquire, they would appear impertinent. Such business matters become known naturally in the way of business.

The unknown is not necessarily the secret, for secrecy, as we are considering it, implies studious concealment. It is only by a figure of speech, of course, that we speak of "the secrets of "Nature." She does not hide her treasures or husband her mysteries. She scatters them, as if by chance, on every side—we are never far from them; and she waits and waits with magnificent impassivity. It is we who do not find.

Man has been living for generations practically amid the same surroundings, with the same opportunities of reading what are called Nature's secrets. He may have thrown out his feelers a little farther, have bored a little lower into the earth's crust, have risen a little higher into the thin air, have dredged more carefully in the mud of deeper seas, have looked more narrowly into the flickerings that come to us across the abysms of space, but the change of point of view has been comparatively small.

From the beginning nearly all the treasures and processes of the natural world have been open to his purblind eyes; and, he having failed to see them, and Nature having slumbered, heedless of his loss or gain, he guards his own self-importance by calling her found gifts "secrets." It is true there is something almost furtive in the way in which she secretes her ores in her stone crevices and mixes her life-preserving elixirs in her solitary places. She hurries her winds broadly through the world, and casts down her rains, an obvious offering, but only that from them she may distil in darkness and mystery the juices of her grasses, fruits, and meats. Even here however she has no concealment; it is we who cannot read.

Coming to the familiar forms of secret-keeping which we all know, the careful retention in one's mind, or cautious imparting to others, of knowledge that apparently cannot with wisdom be made public, we would first ask, "Need anybody have any secrets? Should we not be happier if we lived in a state of perfect frankness? Is not a secret often an uncomfortable possession? Does not secret-mongering destroy peace of mind, curiosity bringing knowledge, and knowledge sadness, so that a sensitive person might say, 'I will have no secrets, nor hear any?'"

First, to clear the ground a little, let us say that a great deal of the secret-making with which people amuse themselves is mere pretence, got up as a sort of play to give piquancy to life; or it is an expression of disagreeable forms of character. The cunning man will surround himself with an air of secrecy to help forward his plans; the taciturn man sours the commonest facts of his life into a sort of secrecy; the babbler tries to contrive a mystery to add piquancy to his tales.

Half the secrets one hears in most dread confidence are no secrets at all; the teller, we are aware, will buttonhole the next person and be equally mysterious, and frank with him. In this way much of the larger part of the world's whisperings are no secrets at all, and may be dismissed as artificial and absurd—a form of habit or a conversational trick. But, when we come down to real secrets, a general knowledge of which would bring hurt or unhappiness some one, we are met by the inexorable fact that, however much we may shrink from secrets as uncomfortable possessions, none of us can help having them on our own account and on behalf of other people.

Nor can we avoid knowing the secrets of other people, even though we repel all confidences by saying we have business of our own, for the secrets that are told us are less in number than those that we find out. We suspect—nay, we are sure of the hidden love; we come unawares upon the family skeleton; we judge with certainty the state of the struggling man's finances. These things come to you unsought, unwished for, without pledge; and, if they are somebody else's secrets, and you will do no harm by keeping them, you ought to accept them as your own, and in honor respect them. So we will put aside as quite impracticable the protests of those who object to the responsibility of keeping secrets.

If you could keep your own secrets without doing harm to your character, it might be best to say nothing of the more intimate personal cares that visit you; but few people can keep a really important secret without being harmed by it. It is "the worm i' th' bud." Byron spoke of "the corroding secrecy that gnawe the heart;" and most men are relieved if they can find some one who will sympathetically share their trouble.

Good-hearted, hopeful, hearty men are generally poor custodians of smaller secrets and mysteries, though their breeziness may be a welcome balm. They pooh-pooh the difficulty, blow the objections aside as cobwebby, and, forgetting all that the subject means to you, rally you on it loosely when next they see you. A secret must be really serious to find a lodgment in the inner consciousness of the bluff, boisterous, good-natured man.

The helpful secret-hearers and unfailing secret-keepers are the strong yet quiet, hard-headed yet tender-hearted folk, whom the most cunning cannot deceive, and yet who are ready with extenuations of human frailty. If you have a friend whose judgment you respect, whose purpose you cannot bend, and yet who never says anything against anybody, he is the best repository for your secret.

OF all the recuperators of intellectual energy and freshness, there is one which is chief and has no second. That recuperator is rest. Let him who questions the superlative value of rest try to do without rest or sleep for a single week. Rest, to produce its full result, must be absolute—not merely the cessation from work, but the abandonment of care, the laying aside of responsibility also, as of a coat which is not to be worn for a period. The MAN whose brain is very tired must give his body rest as well as his intellect. A weary brain will not supply the muscles with energy for long walks or fatiguing toils.

THE affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character—but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace," are we to believe that the fire is extinct? It burns with a steady flame—shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

WHEN we see a man deficient in the special virtue which we hold essential, we cannot believe, or, at least we do not realize that he may be excellent in many other respects. We have a single type of character in our own minds which we wish to approach ourselves, and which we think every one else ought to prize equally. But we forget that this ideal is only one of many, and that those who hold another may far excel us in certain qualities which we undervalue, but which to them are all-important.

HARD be his fate who makes no children happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health, simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

FROM infancy to old age humanity must have appreciative words from time to time. They are wholesome and stimulating; but to depend upon praise and flattery for one's happiness, to sink into gloom without them, to allow one's cheerfulness to lapse when the outside world seems to be unaware of one's important presence—this is simply despicable.

IT is a fair-handed noble adjustment of things that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

NOTHING equals travel as a means of destroying local prejudice and communicating knowledge of the world. In no other way can a man at once learn much and enjoy much.

LEARNING is either good or bad according to him that has it—an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

GOOD intentions merge gradually into noble realizations, wise plans ripen into beautiful fruition, and nascent virtues develop into noble charity.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H.—The Mississippi, together with its great tributary, the Missouri, is the longest river in the world, its total combined length being 4 300 miles.

E. E. C.—Nothing has yet been devised in the way of oil which will cast a red light. Perhaps your question will stimulate some of our ingenious chemists to try to discover something of the kind. Should they succeed it would be a very profitable discovery.

B. L. T.—If she cannot throw a modest intimation of her feelings into her tones, her looks, her manner, then she is unlike the rest of her sex. But she must guard against seeming bold or over-sentimental. Delicacy is a girls' best charm. Any want of refinement and modesty shocks a well-bred man.

LAURETTE.—"Selah" marks a pause or break in the reading or chanting, and by some of the best biblical critics is simply considered to be a musical stop. This is borne out in some measure, because by omitting or retaining the word we do not alter the sense of the passage. "Gnome" means a race of imaginary beings with which cabalistic writers people the interior of the Earth.

JAMES R.—When in a state of fusion glass is technically called "metal;" but, properly speaking, glass is not a metal, but a bright compound substance, formed by the fusion of siliceous and alkaline matter. Glass may be thus chemically classed: 1. Soluble Glass, consisting of silicate of potash or soda; 2. Crown Glass, silicate of potash and lime; 3. Common Window Glass, silicate of soda and lime; 4. Bottle Glass, silicate of soda, lime, alumina, and iron; and 5. Flint Glass, silicate of potash and lead.

L. L.—If a boy has no natural inclination to learn a trade, the time spent in trying to do so will usually be lost, and in all probability he will never rise above the position of an ordinary workman. The profession of telegraphy and typewriting is one in which the remuneration for the work done is growing smaller from year to year, because of the large number of persons practising it. It would be advisable, therefore, to give the matter of the choice between it and carpentering your most serious consideration, also remembering that your father, from long years of experience, is fully able to advise you on such an important question.

N. C. C.—According to "Cruden's Concordance of the Holy Scriptures," the star that appeared to the Magi, or wise men, and conducted them to Bethlehem, where the Saviour was born, has furnished matter for many conjectures. Some ancient authors have asserted that it was a new star purposely created to declare to men the birth of the Messiah. Others have declared it to be a kind of comet which appeared preternaturally in the air. One writer thinks that the same light which appeared to the shepherds near Bethlehem might also have been visible afar off to the Magi, hanging over Judea, and so have been their guide to find the Saviour. Whether the star was seen by everybody, or only the Magi, is another matter for conjecture.

ALICE-MARY.—You are each in the meshes of a long engagement. We do not approve of precipitate marriages; for in the end they are generally as delusive as mirages in the desert; but we contend that it is unwise as well as cruel for either a young man or woman to procrastinate an engagement, when there is a reasonable hope that its present fulfilment promises a happy future. Many bright prospects have been obliterated by sentimental hesitation; many hearts have withered for want of due culture of the noblest instincts; many well-cultivated minds have been overthrown by an insensate dread of the future. Inordinate pride and selfish vanity are two of the greatest curses amongst us; and, upon due consideration, we assert too long engagements between lovers are not advisable.

E. H. N.—You have our cordial sympathy. Yours is a hard case. To be aspiring and to have no opportunity, no education, poor, and living far in the country, removed from any facilities for free education or culture. But do not despair, you are not "too old to improve" by any means. Men and women have become writers and scholars who began to get an education when they were older than you. James Hogg, the Scotch poet, learned to write his name after he was nineteen. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was taught to read by his wife. Afterwards he became President. Read, study, get copies and practice writing. Let lovers alone for the present. Make yourself better fitted to do and be something in life. A woman should be a cultivated companion for the man she marries.

SURPRISE.—The example furnished by Nature in the production of marble from chalk by water—the latter percolating gradually and steadily through the chalky deposits, dissolving the chalk particle by particle, and crystallizing, mountain pressure effecting its characteristic solidity—it is now found may be the basis of accomplishing similar results by a resort to chemical processes. Slices of chalk are, for this purpose, dipped into a color-bath, staining them with tints that will imitate any kind of marble known, the same mineral stains answering this end as are employed in Nature. For instance, to produce the appearance of a well-known and popular verde antique an oxide of copper application is resorted to, and in a similar manner green, pink, black, and other colorings are obtained. The slices after this are placed in another bath, where they are hardened and crystallized, coming out, to all intents and purposes, real marble.

TWILIGHT.

BY W. W. LONG.

The sun is sinking to the west,
In shadows dies the day,
And on the bosom of the stream
The soft light fades away.

Star after star is coming out,
The night is almost here,
And something in the dreamy air,
Tells me my love is near.

A Pair of Slippers.

BY S. U. W.

A PAIR of slippers of one of the smallest women's sizes was placed on the white rug before the log-fire in Lilla Vanlant's sittingroom. On the freakish points which represented toes, airy tinselled twists of ribbon were balanced like butterflies.

The attractively outrageous shape of the little slippers, their frailness, their freshness, so telling and transitory, something in the very pose of them as they stood gaily heel to heel in the first position of dancing, suggested a whole circle of existence.

The joy which flowers only by gaslight, winged feet, dreamy valse-music, breathless whispers, brilliant eyes, bewildering moments, scented gauzes, chance loves, fevered bosoms with buds and blossoms fading on them, flushed cheeks fading too in the dawn-light, short pantings, long hand-pressures, and then a sleep of dreams and a waking of sighs or yawns; and the slippers—such slippers at least as those of Lilla Vanlant's—are ready to be tossed aside. The room, lighted by a silver standing lamp, was empty.

Richer-lined nest for rare bird could not well have been devised. But I have not to write of chamber artistry; pass on.

It was an evening in early February; half-past seven.

Outside, a clear moon near the full shamed the lights of Queen's Gate Gardens. A hansom whirled up to the door of the Vanlant's house. Vanlant, at thirty-eight, was beginning to be spoken of as a new poet by half-a dozen men who had read him and perhaps three times that number of women, most of whom had not; he now leaped out of the hansom.

He let himself in. On the stairs going up to the drawingroom, he met his wife's French maid. The short, stout, dark woman with the agreeable smile, concealed her disapproval of his unexpected appearance in the house. Madame, Elsie said sweetly, was in her sittingroom. Elsie, as we know, made a mistake.

Vanlant ran on up a second flight of stairs, impetuously entered the silent, violet-breathing, light-colored apartment, found it empty—looked round at a loss; but almost in a moment the door of his wife's dressingroom on the other side of the passage flew open, and something, that seemed a torrent of white, wreathed with gold, shot in upon him. It was Lilla in one of her trousseau dressing-gowns, still new; this pair had only been married six months.

"Oh!" she said, pausing him and then coming abruptly to a stand, "I supposed it was you."

"Well—yes—" said Vanlant awkwardly. "How are you?"

"I'm all right," said Lilla with an offhand air.

She walked to the chimney-piece and stood holding to it by one hand and warming the other thoughtfully at the fire. Vanlant followed her.

"Lilla—" he said, "I—I wanted to tell you—I think—I have thought—before I went away—I was wrong in one or two things."

Lilla, with a musing look in her eyes, bent her hand back from the flame.

"I want to beg your pardon—" Vanlant went on; his anxiety to soften her was visible in every line of his face and figure; "I mean especially as to what I said after you said——"

"Gracious!" Lilla interrupted him, "I've forgotten all about it. We both made every horrid, vile remark we could think of; it doesn't matter who made which."

Vanlant took off his fur-lined travelling-coat. He came close up to Lilla's side.

"Will you give me a kiss?" he said.

Lilla calmly raised the lower portion of the cheek nearest him towards his face. Vanlant grew red.

"No, thank you," he said. Lilla shrugged her shoulders, a gesture of hers that was peculiarly irritating to Vanlant.

"To-day's Thursday," she said.

Vanlant took no notice of this apparently irrelevant statement. He sat down in a lounging chair opposite to Lilla and stared before him.

"Have you finished looking up that scenery?" she enquired.

He shook his head.

"Then why did you come home? You said you should stay till Saturday."

"Because it made me unhappy to think of the manner of our parting," said Vanlant with bitter emphasis.

Lilla looked regretful.

"Well, is dinner at eight?" said her husband.

"Oh! I've—I've had something," murmured Lilla. "You can have yours at eight. I'll tell Elsie to tell Marchman. I'm going out—I'm sorry, Arthur—but I didn't know you would be home."

"Where are you going?" said Vanlant.

"Oh! to a place—a dance," said Lilla indifferently.

"With your Aunt Annabel?"

"Darling Chuff has rheumatism—she's in bed," said Lilla very fast. Her voice was high-pitched, peculiarly pretty, and she dashed her words out sometimes so rapidly it was like a spill of beads from a silver string.

"I've been reading to her nearly all day—the life of a Bishop—they sent it from Mudie's—sweetest Chuff's so interested. I just finished the first volume—it ends with a letter he wrote, thanking somebody for a present of potted prawns. Why don't we have potted prawns?"

"But who are you going with?" said Vanlant.

Lilla cast a quick glance at him.

"With the Perramors," she said. "I'm going to that Richmond ball after all, because I find you heard quite a wrong account of the sort of thing it is, and Victoria and Puss Stephens are going. And I chaperon Victoria, and Mrs. Perramor chaperons Puss."

It was out now. There she stood, her small head with its fair bright locks and mignon features and warm rose hues, reared ready for war.

"So it has come to this," said Vanlant trembling. "You take advantage of my absence to do by stealth a thing which I expressly and most seriously forbade your doing. Oh! my God!"

"Stealth!" cried Lilla on fire. "Haven't I told you? Didn't I mean to tell you the first instant you came home? Doesn't Chuff know? How could I write when you said you weren't going to have any address? You object to something because you think it is one thing, and then I make sure it is another, and I decide for myself in the matter, which I have an absolute right to do—an absolute right"—breaking off—"and why you should imagine that when a girl is married to you she needs no fun, I fail to understand. I've always been used to enjoy myself, and I will—I will!"

Vanlant rose.

"Quite enough of this," he said. "I am sorry that your ideas of enjoyment should include dancing and romping with a lot of riff-raff at a suburban subscription fancy-ball. I am sorry you like the Perramors—I don't choose you to get intimate with them. If Mrs. Stevens is fool enough not to take better care of her daughters it is nothing to me; I am not married to them. I will not have my wife sullied by the eyes, and touched by the hands of low-bred men, or dancing in a room with troops of vulgar female pleasure-hunters from Heaven knows where—you—you, Lilla!"

He viewed her as she stood before him, lustrous as pearl, upright as a palm, the folds of her white cachemire falling round her from neck to feet. "You can think of such a thing—desire it! Then I believe you are still a stranger to me."

Secretly Lilla was affected by his emotion. But what did she do? Leant forward, looked in the glass, gave a deft touch to the vapor of little curls about her forehead, and said, with a smile at her charming double:

"A stranger to him! Oh, dear! Wish I was!"

"As to your not having meant to deceive me," Vanlant went on, pacing the room, "your defence is a paltry quibble. You have attempted deception and failed; in your place I would own it."

"Very well," said Lilla quickly. "I attempted it, and I will attempt it again. I shan't always fail. There! Are you satisfied?"

Vanlant sank down on a settee.

"This is how these things end," he said with his head between his hands.

The contest, waged between a man and a childish-natured girl of eighteen, was an unfair one, the advantage being entirely on Lilla's side. Quite unaware of the agony her last words, spoken merely in teasing bravado, had caused Vanlant—

"Besides," she now cried, changing her front suddenly and relapsing into babyism, "you're very unChristian. I daresay heaps of the people at the 'Crown and Mace' will be better than we are, really—in their lives and all that, though they may not be in society, and of course Mrs. Perramor has made up a party—we need only dance among ourselves. Vic and Puss have been before, and they said it was frightful fun—simply frightful."

Vanlant laughed.

"Excuse me from discussing the subject further," he said. "I am going to tell Swan" (he rose) "that when Mrs. Perramor's carriage comes for you, he is to say that Mrs. Vanlant regrets she is unable to go out this evening."

"Then I shall tell Swan——" began Lilla.

"What? Are the servants to know that we——"

"Quarrel?" said Lilla rather loud. "Elsie knows it already, and considering that she is going to be married to Swan as soon as they think they are wealthy enough, I don't think I need take the trouble to make a mystery of it."

Vanlant was confounded.

"You'd much better let me go," said Lilla, with some attempt at conciliation in her manner. "I'll promise not to dance out of my own party, and I'll promise to come away at two. And I'll promise not to go—not to want to go—to another. There, Arthur! Don't make me seem so silly to the Perramors and my friends when I was a girl—Vic and Puss. I should hate them to think me a trampled-on wife. You seem to forget I have an identity of my own."

"It is strange if I forget it," said Vanlant harshly. "But when shall we have done talking? I have been told women have so much intuition—I wonder you can't see that it is no use—that I do not intend you to go. You must act as you please within the walls of this house—disgrace yourself and me in any way that recommends itself to you—that I can't help—but you stay at home. I am going to give Swan his orders."

Vanlant left the room. When he came back in five minutes Lilla was gone. He went and listened at the door of her dressingroom. He heard rustling sounds.

"Lilla," he called.

"Yes," said a clear untroubled voice from within.

"You are there, are you?" said Vanlant idiotically, not knowing what else to say.

"No," the easy voice replied.

Vanlant returned to the sittingroom, leaving the door half open so that Lilla would not be able to come out without his seeing her. Swan, an elderly man who had been in his service for years, brought him up some wine.

Vanlant seated himself again in the lounging-chair by the fire. He stretched himself out in an attitude which looked like that of repose. He was full of rage—burning. He would have liked to lay violent hands on the things in the room.

Perhaps he said to himself they will arrive at that stage some day—the stage of throwing vases and breaking furniture; one read of such things now and then in the daily papers as occurring in hostilities between husbands and wives of gentle breeding; he and Lilla had managed to get pretty far in six months—pretty far.

He closed his eyes for a minute or two. When he opened them they fell for the first time on the pink silk slippers still set on the rug—little slippers!—fairy slippers!—smart, daring, coquettish, butterfly-bowed slippers, turned heel to heel in the first position of dancing.

Vanlant felt a strange, deep pang. The sight of them carried him back to the evening when he had first seen Lilla Seymour at a ball, and the girl with the shining golden locks, and countenance like Joy's own, had danced straight into his heart.

He himself did not dance; he had gone merely to look on and catch perhaps an impression—the germ of one of his strange, half-material, half-ideal, wholly "modern" bits of verse. And handsome women were there, and finished models of soft grace, and smiling queens of intellect, and girls, quiet, half-timid as yet, with a promise of beauty far more splendid than Lilla's in their unawakened features, and he observed them and they passed by.

Then came Lilla, her blushing face one gay laugh, her neck erect, her fair hair ruffled, her feet (so it struck him) like stars twinkling; and he fell in love with her at once—then and there—irretrievably—madly—and in two months from that day they were married.

Afterwards?

How was it?

Vanlant, staring at the little slippers, asked himself the question—how was it?

Bright, blameless, glad creature that she had been, the darling of her friends, the idol and plaything of the queer, little, dark, old house in Mayfair where he courted her—his pretty Lilla of the adorable lips and sweet words and singing voice—what has changed her?

Who?

If he be miserable, is she happy?

So young! so young!

A good half of life lies behind him, he possesses the memory of keen joys in which Lilla has borne no part, he has fed soul and body in enchanted gardens which fell and withered from him while she was still a child.

Now he has his studies, his art, returning devotion to which as the novelty of wedded life wears off, makes him possibly an ill housemate sometimes, absent, moody, unnaturally slow to sympathise with Lilla's natural tastes.

Lilla, ay, that brings him round again—Lilla—what has she? She has not lived yet, her whole life is to come; and he, Vanlant, has snatched it up in his hands.

But he loves her.

Oh, yes! he still loves her. Still. It has come to that. And she has never loved him.

Is that what is the matter? He remembers how exquisite in the affianced maiden, he had thought the absence of ardor which vexes him insufferably in his wife, how he never so much as asked her before marriage if she loved him—she was to be his, that was enough—that was what he wanted, all the rest would come in time.

He would show her, teach her, but a man of strong passions and faulty temper, desperately in love with a girl bride who only likes him, makes mistake on mistake: Vanlant seemed to see now how often he had erred—how blindly.

"I wish I had never met her—I wish I had never met her," he groaned.

Then he took up the pink silk slippers and thrust one of his sinewy, tapering artist hands into the toe of each and looked at them more closely, with a hopeless, remorseful sort of tenderness. They kept on showing him Lilla Seymour.

He was wearied out, having traveled up from Cornwall, driven by the desire to make peace with his wife, and the wine he had taken on an empty stomach, assisted nature's heaviness; gradually his thoughts grew confused.

He was sitting by Lilla Seymour in her old Aunt Annabel's drawingroom and she was telling him something, but he could not hear it; he was asleep with his head dropped on the arm of the chair, dead asleep.

Lilla, attired as a Dawn, came out of her dressingroom. I know no millinery. Glowing graduated shades of pink glided into the pinky whiteness of neck and arms; clouds were suggested; one silver star was in her hair; she wore no other jewel.

She came into the room with a set air of defiance, but smiling. She stopped short and bit at her lip, and her eyes got a strange sparkling look in them, when she saw that Vanlant was asleep. She nodded to herself, breathing quickly, and glided forward to get her slippers.

Then she perceived that he held them in, or rather on his hands; his arms were flung across his breast and he clutched the slippers convulsively. Puzzled, irresolute, she went out into the passage. There stood Elise. The dark woman raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"I told Swan there was a mistake," she whispered. "Mrs. Perramor's carriage is here. It awaits. No message is given yet. What will madame do?"

Madame would not have hesitated a moment, but she glanced helplessly at her feet which were encased in velvet dressing-slippers.

"Would white ones do?" she said under her breath.

"Oh! never—never!" Elise's eyes grew large and round. She peeped into the sittingroom. Enlightened.

"Yet I don't know," she said; then, France standing up in her, "oh, no! impossible! better not go than not go perfect—complete."

A footman came up the passage.

"Mr. Perramor, ma'am, is waiting in the drawingroom."

Lilla ran down, Elise following with her cloak.

Perramor was a man a few years younger than Vanlant, the son of a law-lord; without occupation, except such as his desire not to be considered a nonentity in the houses he frequented might create for him.

He was married to a railway cotractor's widow with a large fortune, a fat, easy-going, good-natured body, much his senior; she petted her husband and did not take the trouble to dye her hair.

Perramor was a rather handsome fellow with black curls, a slight figure and too much color in his cheeks. Lilla found him standing alone in the middle of the drawingroom, under the one lighted chandelier. He had a light overcoat on, concealing the dress of a Mexican cowboy.

"Mrs. Vanlant!" he exclaimed, starting as she came in. "My Heavens! how—" he checked himself.

Lilla was not thinking of Mr. Perramor.

"Oh! good evening!" she said; a soft bare arm swam carelessly out of a pink cloud, and Perramor bowed over hand and arm with an air of veneration.

"I—I don't quite know what to do," said Lilla, holding her head up stiffly and sniffing a little as she had a way of doing when she was embarrassed.

"Oh—why—what?" said Perramor softly.

"Hm! My slippers—my slippers for my dress—I haven't got them," said Lilla. "I'm afraid I can't go."

"Oh! Mrs. Vanlant!" protested Perramor, "it's absurd. What does it matter? Slippers! Any slippers—white. Plenty of white about at dawn, of course! It would be too great a pity. Your dress is—" he surveyed her silently. "It would be too great a pity!" he repeated.

"Well, I think it would," said Lilla frankly.

Elise was standing in the doorway with the cloak.

"Go and fetch a pair of white shoes as quickly as you can," said Lilla.

Elise vanished.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Perramor is waiting!" said Lilla, sitting down.

"It doesn't signify," said Perramor. "I mean she is only too delighted."

Everyone will think the white slippers are my own taste," said Lilla. She made an impatient movement with her right foot as she spoke, and her loose dressing-slipper flew off.

She talked of her slippers, but it was really an uneasy disrelish of her own conduct creeping over her, now that she had to pause, which inspired the gesture.

"No one will think of anything," said Perramor. He picked up her slipper.

The next moment—exactly how it came about Lilla never knew—whether he had been going to put on the slipper—how it was her private worry of mind kept her from noticing his action.

What preluded the caress and should have warned her, nothing of this could Vanlant's wife afterwards make clear to herself. Suddenly, as it seemed to her, the thing was: Perramor on his knees, had her pink-silk stockinged foot between his hands, and was kissing it on the instep violently.

In the second scene, Perramor was picking himself up, like a culpable animal that has had a blow, while Lilla stood and stared at him. She was alarmingly pale. Her lips moved, her brow quivered, she said nothing.

"Mrs. Vanlant," he stammered, "pray, pray forgive me! I—I didn't know what I was doing. I beg your pardon a thousand times! I—my head—your beauty—"

Lilla's face grew rigid. She pointed to the door—he went out. Elise entering a few minutes later with the white slippers, found her mistress alone.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "madame is ill."

"I have had a faintness," said Lilla, choosing her language oddly in her effort to appear calm. "I am not going, Elise. No," as the maid thought herself obliged to begin making a stir, "I don't want anything, thank you, you can go—you were going out, weren't you? Yes, go, Elise! It was nothing, I am better now."

Elise knew quite well when to obey. She took herself off, and the poor, pale, cold, shivering Dawn crept alone upstairs. Scarcely knowing which way she went, she turned into her sittingroom; the door had remained partly open, Lilla closed it behind her.

Vanlant still slept. She sat softly down on the rug away from him, on the opposite side of the fire. The girl, with her exuberant pleasure in living, her spoilt-child egoism and merry headstrong fancies, was singularly guileless-hearted.

It is apt to be the case with young things at bold play in the eye of the world; those with whom all is not clear oftener keep still. The Perramor incident had burst on Lilla as unexpectedly as flames out of the green earth.

She felt a sickness in her soul, a stinging in her flesh. Some while she sat with her hands pressed into her knees, her knees against her eyes; then she straightened her body and leaning her head back against the side of the chimney-piece, gazed steadily over at Vanlant.

He was a tall man, massively made, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His auburn-brown hair grew very thickly. He had strong features with a brooding look on them. One of Lilla's slippers had dropped down in the chair beside him; he still held the other.

A deep shock of pain and shame had called the woman to life in Lilla's breast, and now the woman began to think. She in her turn recalled the days of courtship, the generous, diffident lover who was presented to her as a natural part of her brilliant lot.

Old Miss Seymour had never dreamed that Vanlant's offer could be refused; he was rich, well-born, well-reputed, and Lilla had only her pretty face, in London where pretty faces are plentiful; the aunt's income died with her.

And Lilla had been pleased with Vanlant, pleased with his devotion, his gifts, his faultless breeding, even the little bit of fame he had, suited her like a decoration.

Then things altered. It is startling when you have been a queen, to find yourself a possession. Lilla bore the change badly. Behaved badly.

Yes, yes. She remembered how in a petulant desire to assert the independence which seemed to be falling from her shred by shred, she had crossed Vanlant at every turn, aimlessly, selfishly, laughingly, till the half-sport grew habit and Vanlant's patience found an end.

This last time, for instance. He was not very well and London weighed on his brain. He planned a trip to Cornwall, where he wanted to study a bit of coast for the setting of a ballad-story he had on hand, and he begged Lilla to go with him. She! What? And her engagements?

Everything that she most wanted not to miss just coming off in a rush! She hated the sea. She told him so before they were married and he had said something nice—she forgot what it was. He could go, of course—why not?—and sweetest Chuff would come and stay with her.

It was news to him that her happiness had no kind of connection with his presence? Well, if he deliberately removed his presence into places she objected to, was she to blame? And so on, and so on till they parted, in silent anger on his side, in rebel mock-civility on hers. How they met again has been shown.

The hands of the clock moved on. Quietly Lilla put fresh logs on the decaying fire. Instead of returning to her former place, she sat down on the rug again, but close to Vanlant's chair. She felt better there—so safe.

Reflection grew and grew. Vanlant's empty hand was hanging down very near her head. Suddenly she put a finger up and touched it; he opened his eyes. Lilla got up hurriedly.

She had forgotten all about her dress. Vanlant stared at her for a few moments without a word. Then he said:

"I believe I was asleep. So you are really bent on going. Well, Lilla, I have been a fool. There is a simple way out of the difficulty. Go you shall, poor little child, and I will go with you. I have an old volunteer uniform somewhere—Swan can find it—it wont take me more than five minutes to get inside. I must have something to eat and then we'll go."

He spoke with infinite kindness, but as it seemed to Lilla across a world. She took a few steps back, chilled, confused, uncertain.

It struck Vanlant that there was the loveliest vision he had ever looked on. The face with the color rising in it, the cloud-like, blush-rose draperies flattened here and there against the roundness of the sweet young body, the fair locks disordered, the little retreating feet.

"What are you meant for?" he enquired gently.

"Dawn," murmured Lilla. She flung back her head. "I wasn't going. I'm not going—" she said. "I didn't take off my dress. Look, it's late. I've been sitting here."

With one of her quick movements she ran and dropped down, between his knees, on his breast. She began to sob. Aware of an eager yielding of her whole self to him, which was something quite new in their relations, Vanlant, breathless, held her close.

Lilla, while she sat by the fire, had carefully thought out several speeches that she meant to make to her husband. Wise, they were to have been—pathetic, pointed. Between her sobs, however, no words came but these—"Of course, I know it's no use now—of course I know you hate me."

When before going to bed, Elise came to give a look round in Mrs. Vanlant's sittingroom, the little pink silk slippers again had it all to themselves.

One was in the chair, the other lay sole upwards on the rug. Elise put them away. She first wrapped them delicately up in tissue-paper.

They deserved it.

Castle of Greifenstein.

BY A. G. L.

IT was a happy time for the peasantry of Neuburg when their brave duke, Henry I., journeyed through his dominions.

He was on his way, accompanied by his consort Hedwig and their children, with a numerous retinue of followers, to visit his burg of Lehrberg, built by his renowned father Duke Boleslaus.

While he stopped a day or two to rest from the fatigues of travel, his subjects from the neighborhood came to petition favors and redress from various grievances, for they knew the good-will of their sovereign, and thought his power almost boundless.

Among the petitioners was an old herdsman, whose name was Wolfgang. To the gracious inquiry of the Duke respecting his wants, he was answered that the whole country was tormented with a condor that took off the greatest part of the flocks, and even maimed oxen at the plough.

The bird had a nest somewhere and young ones, and when these were grown, children, perhaps men and women, would not be safe from their rapacity. "Take compassion upon us, gracious lord," prayed the herdsman, "command your soldiers to slay the condor and destroy its nest."

"Where hath the bird its eyrie?" asked the Duke.

"I know not," replied the herdsman, "but, methinks, it is beneath the Rahlenberg."

The Duke gave immediate orders that the bird of prey should be hunted and killed with its young. The whole country was in motion; the knights were eager to fulfil their lord's command and gain renown by the slaughter of so destructive a foe to the herdsman.

But the condor seemed to defy them. Sheep disappeared daily, and as if by magic. Only at rare intervals could the bird be seen soaring upon outspread wings at so vast a height that no arrow could reach it. The peasants mourned, and the baffled warriors murmured at their want of success.

Meanwhile Schaffhold, the son of Wolfgang, a youth of aspiring spirit, but little inclined, as his father often complained, to the herdsman's labor, had been curiously watching the knights, apparently charmed with their brave apparel and armor, and following at a distance those who were nearest the Duke, and though in humble garb many a high-born cavalier might have envied the noble and graceful form and the majestic beauty of his countenance. Nature had gifted him with matchless perfection of person; his mien was not that of a peasant but of a free-born noble—for which, indeed, he was noted throughout the country.

As the Duke with his train entered the Castle where he was lodged, young Schaffhold passed mournfully along the mountain side under the shadow of projecting rocks. He had not gone far when his steps were arrested. At a few paces distant a young and beautiful woman, richly dressed, lay sleeping upon the ground, her fair cheek rested on her hand, her soft brown hair, unclasped, followed the waving line of her figure.

So exquisite was this image of beauty that the young herdsman stood gazing at her several minutes, unable to remove his eyes, suddenly, however, he started forward, he saw a viper of the most poisonous kind glide swiftly over the moss towards the head of the sleeping girl. Schaffhold sprang forward in time to strike the reptile dead with his staff.

The noise awoke the young girl, when, seeing the snake, she started with a cry of horror. The next instant, comprehending the danger from which she had escaped, she turned with a look of gratitude to him who had saved her. At the same instant a voice called from the thicket, "Princess Rubeta!"

"I am here," answered the young girl, and Schaffhold at once knew her rank. She was the eldest daughter of the Duke.

With a heavy heart he turned away and was out of sight when the attendants came to the spot. The Princess walked on to the Castle, and no sooner was it known what had befallen her than the young pages and attendants hastened to her.

But no traces of the youth who had rendered her this signal service could be discovered. That day before sunset the peasantry were assembled in holiday attire, decorated with ribbons and flowers, to appear before the Duke and his family. All the herdsmen except Schaffhold were there, and the eyes of the Princess sought only him. When she found him not she sighed and tears filled her beautiful eyes. Schaffhold wandered in the woods the rest of the evening, and returned home late at night to think and dream of Rubeta. With the morning resolution came. "She cannot be mine," he said mournfully, "but I may at least win a name she will not disdain to hear." He quitted his father's hut early, and his steps involuntarily turned towards the Castle where the Duke's party lodged.

There was an unusual concourse before the gates. A herald came forth, mounted on a white horse decorated with gay trappings, preceded by a trumpeter, and accompanied by several knights. Schaffhold approached as near as possible. The trumpet sounded, and after it ceased, the herald made this proclamation in a loud voice:

"Our gracious Duke Henry the First sends greeting to his lieges of the country of Neuburg, and having heard that the whole valley is plagued by a condor of unusual and extraordinary magnitude, by which the lives and property of his subjects are endangered; he doth hereby promise to the brave man who shall kill this bird and destroy its nest, the hand of his daughter, the Princess Rubeta in marriage."

"Bewildering and trembling with newborn life, struggling with fear, the young herdsman listened to the words of the herald. When he had ended the trumpet again sounded."

The young Princess sat weeping in her chamber. The Duchess, her mother, stood regarding her almost sternly, and reproved her from her want of submission to the paternal will.

"Ah! my mother," murmured Rubeta, "must I then wed a man whom I cannot love, if he chance to slay the bird?"

"The Duke's honor is pledged, my child, and the man who shall do this act in honor of thee and him, is not unworthy, though he should be the lowly-born, of thy hand."

The Princess shook her head, and continued to weep.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Duchess, "can it be possible that thou lovest already?"

The Princess covered her blushing face with her hands.

"His name!" demanded the Duchess; "who has dared to aspire unknown?"

"None! none!" exclaimed Rubeta, "he but saved my life."

"Ha! the youth who killed the snake while thou wast sleeping!"

"The same!"

"Why, it was but a hind, a peasant; out on thee, forward girl."

The Princess lifted up her eyes. "Was not Piastus, the founder of my father's honored race, a herdsman, too?"

The Duchess frowned, and ordered her daughter to attend her to her apartment.

It is needless to say, that the Duke's proclamation caused great excitement amongst the pages and knights of the court. Each was eager to obtain the prize. The country was scoured by huntsmen in every direction, and every cranny of the rocks was scanned for the eyrie of the condor.

"Thou, too, my son," said old Wolfgang, "surely thou dost not dream to contend in this pursuit which only may be accomplished by a knight," as he saw his son preparing for his chase; "they will chastise thee as an upstart."

"Father, I fear them not, for the Duke's proclamation said not, whoever of noble blood shall slay the condor. I know not if this was meant or inadvertency, but upon this issue I am resolved."

And Schaffhold went forth with his staff and axe to hunt the bird of prey. All the morning he wandered in the forest.

At noon, wearied, but determined not to yield to fatigue, he climbed the loftiest tree that he could find, and which commanded a view of the country.

The day had hitherto been beautiful, but Schaffhold descried a dark spot in the distant horizon which betokened the coming storm.

Suddenly, a dark speck, so distant that it seemed but a mote dashing over the straining eye, caught his attention.

His heart bounded within his breast.

The speck grew larger, he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy. It was the condor! Soaring at a height immeasurable, it still drew nearer. Schaffhold hid himself in the foliage of the trees, and watched the flight of the majestic bird. Of the condor, it is said, that it will remain for days upon the wing, and never light upon the earth save for food.

Rapidly it came on, floating calmly in mid air; his eyes followed its flight, which was now directed towards a lofty and inaccessible rock, on the summit of which was an aged tree, which, doubtless, contained the nest of the condor.

Descending from his elevated situation, he crossed the valley, and forced his passage through the thick and interwoven boughs and wood of the forest.

But the storm which had threatened had now begun, but onward he pressed; he had clambered the mountain to the foot of the rock, the perilous ascent of which he now commenced, entrusting his safe guidance to Providence.

Grasping the shrubs growing on the foot of the rock, smiting footsteps as he slowly advanced, he reached the most dangerous part.

The cliff projected over the abyss, and upon its verge stood the lightning scathed tree. He could see the dark form of the bird above him. Her fiery eyes flashed, and she flapped her wings at the intruder. The clamorous impatience of her young for food alone stayed her from making a sweep at him when half way up the side; and a hitherto unseen cleft in the rock, which ascended the sides, led him by a circuitous route to the summit; this peril surmounted, he was now to strive for life with the fierce enemy whose realm he had invaded.

The condor sat perched on the nest, whetting her beak for the encounter, her large keen eyes glaring defiance. To ascend the tree would have been destruction; and no cross bow, a bolt from which would now have stood him in such need, had he. A thought struck him to kindle a fire beneath the tree.

With speed he gathered together a few dried boughs and brushwood; he fastened it to the end of a long pole which he had cut down with his axe. Then striking fire, he kindled it, and placed it as high as he could reach in the branches of the tree.

The half-decayed boughs were instantly on fire. The violence of the wind swept it upward, and the nest itself was soon wrapped in flames.

The condor had taken flight at the first gush of smoke, but, recalled by the cries of her young, wheeled round and round the blazing tree, uttering a hoarse shriek at intervals, and flapping her wings, in rage and despair.

Anon she dashed furiously at Schaffhold, who, nothing daunted, struck at her with his axe, the only weapon of defence. The bird wheeled round him, and then plunged madly into the flames to the rescue of her young.

Long and fruitless were its efforts; it mingled its horrid shrieks in the blast of the storm till the country around was aroused; but all in vain were its struggles, the fire had so weakened it that, overcome, the huge creature fell at full length at the feet of the youth, who, with one mighty stroke of his axe, severed the head from the prostrate enemy, which should now no longer be the terror of the husbandmen, and which, if the Duke were but rightly minded towards the honest and deserving, should lead him to his fortune.

Dragging the carcase of his vanquished foe to the edge of the precipice, he precipitated it over the side, and at length managed to make a safe descent with it into the valley. Here, to his surprise, the whole population, as well as the stately followers of the court, were assembled, attracted by the fire and the wailing cries of the condor, and had been the witnesses of his prowess.

The Duke listened to his account of his adventure, and demanded his name.

"Schaffhold, the son of Wolfgang, the herdsman," was the reply; and the youth saw with pain the smile which passed round the noble circle.

But the Duke exclaimed, after a moment's hesitation:

"Bring forth my daughter!"

Several of the knights ventured to remonstrate. But the Duke once more bade them do his bidding.

There was a pause, and presently Rubeta appeared leaning on her mother's arm, pale and trembling. Again there was a murmur, but the Duke exclaimed:

"I pledged my loyal word that whoever should slay the condor should receive my daughter's hand; it is true that I did not think that one lowly-born would attempt, or if attempt, succeed against such noble knights; but, as success has attended his efforts, he has shown himself more worthy than you all, and I will not break my word. Young man, take my daughter, thou art as comely as thou art brave, and let no knight here murmur at my royal right to do justice to desert."

Schaffhold advanced to the Duke, and, kneeling down, said:

"I would risk life a thousand times for so fair a prize, but I will not take the hand the lady doth not willingly bestow."

"Now, by the rood, thy spirit is knightly enough," exclaimed Duke Henry, "but it is our will that thou dost wed the lady. Rubeta, what sayest thou?"

"I will obey thee, my father," said the maiden, from whose cheek the flush of joy had chased away its paleness.

The Duke joined their hands. "And that thou mayst have a home stately enough for a princely bride," he continued, "I will give thee as much land as thou canst encircle in one day's journey. On the rock thou didst climb—the condor's eyrie—I will build a stately castle for thee and thine, which shall be called Greifenstein, in remembrance of the bird that has brought thee fortune."

The same day was the betrothal of the princess and the herdsman solemnly celebrated. On the following morning Schaffhold commenced the circuit of the land which formed the domains of Greifenstein.

The Duke confirmed the gift, and, in presence of the whole court, created the young man a knight and noble, with the title of the Baron Schaafgotsch.

ST. LUCIA'S DAY.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:—

"On St. Lucia's Day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's Day, pronounced the words, "If, now, anyone can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window and said good-morning—but he never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning a black cravat with a red border for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile time passed on; the seven years' war was fought, the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French revolution and the long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen.

The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miner ground, and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops.

As the miners of Falun, in the year 1809, a little before or after St. John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguished his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances, had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till she came, who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned.

Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, and recognised her bridegroom, when, more in joyful ecstacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time he went under the earth and never returned to me."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again.

But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognise; and she finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard.

The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding day and not the day of his burial.

As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said: "Sleep well now, for a few days, in thy cold burial bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again."

As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

THE MOUTH.—The mouth is symbolical of the sensitive qualities of man. This is its primary signification, especially of its lower part, because it is the head-piece of the digestive organs.

It is the gateway of the stomach, that laboratory of nature, in which goes on the process of converting fluids and solids into man, mental as well as physical. But the mouth has also a higher meaning.

Its upper part is connected with the psychical character, as its lower with the corporeal nature. Hence, the upper lip should extend beyond and govern the lower. A short upper lip, deeply hollowed in the middle, tells of wit and liveliness; a fleshy, protruding lower lip, of sensuality and indolence.

The mouth should be of medium size; when it approaches either extreme it becomes animal in its symbolism. A somewhat large mouth is manly, and denotes energy; one somewhat small is feminine, and a sign of less power.

There is the large thirsty mouth of the drunkard and the close, pinched mouth of the miser.

There is the scornful mouth, with its lower lip upraised and compressed upon the upper, and the long, swollen upper lip which tells of a rough nature.

There is the large, thin, indrawn lip of the dry, passionless man of intellect, and the soft and beautifully chiselled, in those of refined sense and poetic nature.

There is the repulsive, cavernous hole, indicative of a vile nature, and the rosebud mouth of beauty and innocence.

But character is not always determined by size—it lurks in the corners—in the constant position of the angles which resemble the transient expressions whose meaning is always clear.

MODEL OF AN ENGLISH SPEECH.—In rising to reply to the noble lord, he hoped that the noble lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the noble lord.

He also begged that the noble lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the noble lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the noble lord.

He believed that the noble lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the commonweal; and if the noble lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privilege with the noble lord.

As to the present subject, he would inform the noble lord that if there was a diversity of opinion betwixt himself, he meant to say betwixt the noble lord and himself, and there undoubtedly was a diversity, (hear, hear,) that difference was no more that the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. (Cheers.)

But he would assure the noble lord that if the noble lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain in the mind of the noble lord, the noble lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the noble lord.

A few of these had already been presented by the committee for the consideration of the noble lord, and he would ask the noble lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the noble lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments, the attention of the noble lord

At Home and Abroad.

There are in the United States, it is stated, 200 000 machinists, 10 000 tool makers, 25 000 boiler makers, 10 000 pattern makers, 750,000 carpenters and joiners, 200 000 masons and bricklayers, 50,000 contractors and builders, 50,000 plumbers, gas and steam fitters, 150 000 stationary engineers and firemen, 100 000 locomotive engineers and firemen, 50 000 electric railway and light employees, 50 000 cabinet makers, carvers and woodworkers, 50,000 civil, mechanical, electrical and mining engineers.

At the beginning of the present year, Osaka, Japan, could boast of 2850 workshops and factories, irrespective of her 18 367 weaving establishments or houses in which looms are reported. There were 635 chimneys, of which 425 were constructed of brick, and 208 of iron. Through these chimneys go up annually in smoke 600,000 000 catties (one and one-third pounds) of coal, over 400,000 000 of which is consumed by the factories. Aside from weaving, the artisans working in shops and mills number 28 068 males and 21,220 females, a total of 49 288.

About twelve years ago Captain Saunders, an Oregon man, was engaged to a pretty school teacher of the same State. At the instigation of his intended sister-in-law he quarrelled with and fatally shot her lover. For this he was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Before the date of execution he escaped, but was recaptured. He was then given a second trial and sent to jail for life. Two years ago Saunders was pardoned, and last week he married the school teacher, who, during all these years, had remained faithful to him.

The most popular lawn trimmer in that section of Brooklyn immediately south of Fort Greene is a happy young colored man, who finds real enjoyment in his work. He is a good whistler and singer, and while engaged in trimming a lawn will accompany the strokes of his sickle with some lively negro melody. "Lawns trimmed to any tune" is his usual greeting, and when the mistress of the house sees him at work the whole neighborhood suspends housework and listens to the impromptu concert. After getting one job he invariably secures all the others on the block.

"It is an interesting fact," says a correspondent of a Boston paper, "that bugs practically rule the world. Man is almost helpless against them. It is reckoned that there are at least 10,000,000 species of insects in existence; and will anybody mention one of the injurious species that has been seriously diminished in numbers by the efforts of human beings? Well, the Court surmise not. Look at the mosquito, the cockroach, the moth which attacks clothes. Where are they to-day? Just living at our expense, and suffering the loss of only a few individuals killed. We can't destroy them; we only defend ourselves feebly."

There seems to be no doubt among the manufacturers of bicycles in this country that a very important business can be built up abroad for high grade American wheels. The exports from this country have already assumed fair proportions, the total value of wheels leaving the port of New York during the month of May—the latest compilation that is available—having been $230 176. The demand abroad, it has been found, is very largely for high-grade wheels, and manufacturers of such wheels are now recognizing that they must seek foreign markets in order to keep their plants going, owing to the severe competition which they have experienced from the manufacturers of lower grade wheels. Nearly all of what may be termed the first class manufacturers have recently sent representatives abroad to study the markets and requirements of riders there with a view of pushing their wheels immediately.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Our Young Folks.

PUNCH AND THE REVIEW.

BY A. L.

PUNCH and Toby never knew just how it happened. Punch remembers standing on the milestone and poking his curly head over the rectory wall, and Toby has a faint recollection of digging for rats in a hole underneath; but whether Punch spoke to the tall officer first, or whether it was the other way round, they cannot say.

"Are you going down to see them?" asked the tall officer, when he had told Punch all about the soldiers who had been pouring into town for days past.

There was to be a grand review that very afternoon on the common, so he said, with flags flying and bands playing, and a great general with a whole string of letters after his name had come all the way from the city.

Punch shook his head doubtfully.

"Don't think so," he said slowly; "I mustn't go alone. Will—will you be there, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going," replied the tall officer, smiling at Punch from under his big busby. "I really don't think they could get along without me, you know," he added; and he said this so solemnly, pulling at his thick brown moustache the while, that the little boy put him down to be a very important personage indeed.

"If father were here he would take me," was Punch's next remark.

"Is he a soldier?"

Punch nodded again.

"He was. He went away to the wars ever so long ago—two years. He—he got killed trying to—to—save somebody. And we've got his sword and a beau-ti-ful medal indoors."

"He died like a brave man, then," said the other quickly, and his voice sounded very grave.

"When I'm a man," Punch went on, his face glowing with excitement, "I'll——" But just then the youngest Miss Gallaby came running out on to the lawn, and the tall officer turned to meet her. He gave Punch a wave of his hand.

"Good-bye, little chap," he cried gaily. "you shall be a soldier, too, some day. Two o'clock, mind, for the lads in red, if you go."

Punch sprang down from the wall and ran hastily down the road, with Toby leaping and barking by his side.

He had made up his mind now. Of course he would go to the review—it was a chance of a lifetime. The children could be safely left to themselves for a few hours, and, after all, his mother need never know.

That is how it all began. When dinner was over, Punch marched the children—Rob, Phil, and Baby Nan—into the toolhouse and shut the door.

"Now listen, all of you," he said; "there's no drilling this afternoon, no soldiers. Aren't you glad?"

"Rather," said Rob, clambering up on the bench. "I've had 'bout enough of it, Punch, an' so's Phil."

"Why, you've got the big sword!" cried Phil suddenly.

"That's just it," Punch broke in hurriedly. And then he went on to tell them of his morning's adventure—"He was a real officer, and he had a great fur hat on, and it's going to be this afternoon. He—he said I ought to go and see it, and he said I should be a soldier, too, and—and you're not to say anything to mother, boys," he added, remembering why he had brought them all there.

"You're going away?" said Rob.

"Yes, and if I'm not back for tea——" Punch stopped short. He was not very clear still as to what he really intended doing. "Now promise, boys, you won't tell."

Very reluctantly Rob and Phil assented, still feeling that all was not quite right. Ten-year-old Punch, with his grown-up ways, was their idol.

Then Punch threw open the door boldly and strode out into the sunshine with the big sword jingling on the ground behind him, and Toby following at his heels.

* * * * * *

When Punch at last found his feet treading on the grass of the common, the review had already begun. All down the long, dusty road he had trudged, letting himself be carried along with the rest of the pushing, noisy crowd.

There were more people on the common than Punch had ever seen before gathered in one place, for a moment his courage failed him.

But he fastened a piece of string to Toby's collar, and hurried past the scattered white tents to where the crowd was thickest, and the carriages were all drawn up.

After a good deal of hard squeezing he managed to work his way well to where he had a good view of the whole field.

His attention was drawn almost immediately to a group of officers in the centre of the common, and when a rather short man with a hat all plumes rode out from among the others he heard someone say that that was the general.

And then Punch gave a little cry of astonishment, for he saw that the officer who had suddenly ridden up, and was now quietly chatting to the great man, was none other than his acquaintance of the morning. The next moment the tall officer turned his horse and came galloping back towards the carriages.

At that Punch forgot everything. He dropped Toby's string, and, taking off his cap, waved it excitedly in the air.

But before he had time to see whether the tall officer noticed him or not, his eye fell on Toby, who had dodged between a policeman's legs and was now careering wildly in the direction of the soldiers. With a loud cry he darted forward in pursuit, unheeding the warning shouts.

He was hard upon the trailing end of the string when the big sword somehow twisted round under his feet and he slipped and fell.

Then there was a noise as of someone rushing swiftly by, and a something very hard and heavy caught him on the arm; after which he remembered nothing more.

The first thing Punch was conscious of when he came to himself again, was feeling a cool hand pressed to his forehead and hearing a voice say—

"It's only a swoon, Tom; I don't think the child's much hurt."

"Anyhow, it was the nearest shave I ever saw," said another voice that Punch seemed to have heard before somewhere.

"A minute later and I couldn't have turned Bob an inch. Is his arm bruised at all? I fancy the horse kicked out."

Then Punch thought it was time for him to show that he wasn't as hurt as they supposed, so he sat up and found that he was in one of the fine carriages surrounded by cushions and rugs, and with Toby lying at his feet.

A young lady leant over him and asked gently how he felt.

Punch saw with surprise that it was the youngest Miss Gallaby. On the other side of the carriage was the tall officer talking, with quick gestures, to a number of people.

"Well, youngster," he cried, coming over to where Punch lay; "it was a nasty tumble, wasn't it; but we'll be as right as a trivet very soon, eh? Why, what's this?" he added, lifting out the sword, which had been placed in the carriage. "Bless me, laddie, whatever were you doing with this?"

"It's father's that I told you about," said Punch slowly, for his head still throbbed badly. "I brought it along with me in case—you said, you know—and I did want to see the soldiers; so I ran away! And my head does ache so!"

The youngest Miss Gallaby pressed a wet handkerchief to Punch's forehead as he fell back, so the little boy did not see that the tall officer had taken up the big sword closer and was reading something that was engraved upon the hilt.

"Why, Jess!" he cried, starting suddenly; "just look here—see! 'Presented by the officers of the ——th Hussars to Color Sergeant John Woolmer for special gallantry at Ghazi, 16th March, 18——'"

"Yes," Punch broke in, "father's sword and—and medal, too——" but Miss Gallaby had thrown her arms round his neck and was covering him with kisses.

"You remember what I told you about poor Woolmer, Jess," the tall officer went on quietly. "He saved my life twice. Once at Ghazi, and—and this. The second time was when I got my captaincy, and he——" Miss Jessie pressed her face closer to Punch's.

When it got about who Punch was, such a number of old soldiers came crowding round, and they would persist in shaking hands with "Woolmer's little lad."

Presently Miss Gallaby got into the carriage with him, and the tall officer told the coachman, "Home, and drive slowly."

What Miss Gallaby said to Punch when she had heard the whole story of his disobedience he has never revealed to anyone, but it must have been very serious, I think, for there were tears in the little boy's eyes as they approached Mrs. Woolmer's cottage.

"Is it a promise, Punch?" asked Miss Gallaby, smiling gently at him, and Punch pressed her hand hard by way of answer. He could not have spoken just then.

* * * * * *

Punch is going to be a soldier very soon now, and he tells Colonel Gordon, to whom he owes all his training, that he dates his good fortune from the day he and Toby went to the review.

At the same time he doesn't forget that it was the colonel's "good lady," once the youngest Miss Gallaby, who gave him his first lesson on a soldier's duty.

GOOD DOG FOR A HARD ROAD.—A sportsman tells a good story of a slow railroad. He says he went there gunning, and came to a short line of road on which was run a single car, the forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage.

He took his dog into the car with him and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along, and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage room, which, after some altercation, was agreed to; but here the baggage master demanded a fee of fifty cents, which was denounced by the sportsman as a "swindle," a "put-up job" between the conductor and the baggage master; he added that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train.

The dog—so the narrator says—kept along easily with the train, but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engineer, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog.

The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after a while caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to heave the coal into the furnace and stir up the fire, which being done, the speed was perceptibly increased.

The conductor again went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had suddenly disappeared, whereupon he immediately and with a triumphant air called the sportsman's attention to the fact.

The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to a crack in the floor of the car, "And there," said he, "was the dog comfortably trotting along under the car, and licking the grease from one of the axle boxes!"

HIS ARM.—Angelica invited her young man to the evening meal. Everything passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by exclaiming, "Oh, ma, yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted the other night when he called to take Angie to the drill! He looked so nice sittin' 'long side of her with his arm——"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden—whose face began to assume the color of a well-done crab—quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant, after gaining his breath and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed; "he had his arm——"

"Freddie!" shouted the mother, as, in in her frantic attempt to reach the boy's auricular appendage, she upset the contents of the tea-pot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Prussian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons.

"I was just going to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm——"

"You boy," thundered the father, "get out!"

And the boy did so, exclaiming as he waltzed, "I was only going to say Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on; and I leave it to him if he didn't!"

ALL IN FUN.—No better instance of good fortune coming through sheer luck could be found, perhaps than in the experience of a prospector in Montana recently.

Having nothing whatever to do one afternoon, he, out of pure fancy, as an idle boy would throw stones at a mark, drilled a hole into a projecting mass of rock and put a charge, intending to blow out a ton or so of it.

When the blast was made he found that he had broken into a treasure house. There was a big pocket in the rock the sides of which sparkled with almost pure gold.

There was enough in sight to net the lucky prospector a handsome sum, and if the mine should prove to be as rich as the surface showing indicates he will shortly become a millionaire.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Two thousand Latter Day Saints, missionaries, are said to be in England just now.

The mania for adulteration is so great that you cannot buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.

It is estimated that if pure milk only were sold in London between 20,000 and 30,000 more cows would be required to keep up the supply.

All the dog-catchers of Yonkers, N. Y., have resigned, because almost as regularly as they seized a dog the dog owner had them arrested.

Farmers in Douglas county, Kan., are educating their horses to eat potatoes, which they can feed at 11 cents, while corn stands for 17 cents.

A North Sea codfisher carries a set of lines 7200 fathoms in length, and having the amazing number of 4080 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

Gunpowder men's shoes are made with wooden pegs, as nails might strike a spark. Spikes of hard wood are used in the flooring of the powder building.

The average life of a theatre is 23 years. From 1861 to 1887, inclusive, 197 theatres were burnt down, and 13 every year since has been about the average.

The name wheat is derived from a Saxon word, "Hwaete," signifying white, because the flour from this grain is lighter in color than that from any other.

An average ten-inch female lobster will produce 10,000 eggs at one time, an average nineteen inch lobster about 75,000. The female breeds, however, only once in two years.

When a humming bird alights near a flower from which no food can be extracted, it has been know to exhibit wrath by excitedly chattering and tearing the flower to pieces.

Recent investigations show that the poison of the poison ivy is a volatile oil. Hence, water will not remove the poison from the surface as well as alcohol if applied freely.

Some idea of the magnitude of the coal resources of Huerfano county, Colorado, may be formed when it is stated that there are about 40,000 acres, and each acre contains 100,000 tons, or a total of 4,000,000,000 tons—an amount almost beyond comprehension.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camel's feet are not even sore.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the extension of English commerce resulted in a remarkable development of the English language, and by association with foreign nations thousands of words unknown before in England were brought into common use.

A gang of twenty-one burglars has just been arrested in Paris, which in the last three years had committed more than 200 burglaries. They were admirably organized, never used violence, and made a specialty of robbing churches and priests' houses. The chief of the band is believed to be in the United States.

Many severe thunder storms have recently occurred in England, resulting in a considerable loss of life. A singular instance occurred last week in the case of a barn which was struck, in which there were two cats besides a woman engaged in milking a cow. The lightning killed the three animals, but did not injure the woman.

In the recent sweep of the Bois de Boulogne for disreputable characters a tramp with a strange history was taken. He had been a sailor and master of a sailing vessel, had undertaken to explore Abyssinia, and had ended by becoming chief cook to King Menelik. He grew homesick, however, made his escape, and on reaching France had been unable to find work.

There is said to be a snake in Oregon called the stupefied snake, which is one of the most interesting species of the family. "This snake has a head on each end and runs either way. One head is about one-fourth as large as the other. It is of a yellowish color. It generally lies in a loop, and is frequently observed lying in an apparently stupefied condition on a rock or log."

An old street car horse stood by the curbing in one of the Portland, Me., streets the other day. He was blind in both eyes, but his memory was undimmed. A trolly car passing stopped. When the old horse heard the signal to stop he pricked up his ears, and when two bells were rung he recognized it as a call to duty, and responded. He did not stop until he had thrust neck and shoulders through a fine plate glass window on the opposite corner.

Hyde Park, the most distinctive of London parks, covers nearly four hundred acres. The Paris Bois de Boulogne covers 2,000 acres. Central Park, the most distinctive of New York parks, covers 840 acres. Collectively—and including those parks in the suburbs—there are in London 22,000 acres of park land. Including as parks the neighboring forests of Fontainebleau, with 42,000 acres, and St. Germain with eight thousand, the park acreage of Paris is 175,000 acres.

NEVER BLIND.

BY F. C.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather gives an added light—
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest, noblest part
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

OF MIND READING.

A very surprising performance is that wherein a professed mind reader finds some small article secreted in a darkened room, says Popular Science, tells the number of a person's watch, or the digits selected out of a number written upon a blackboard, or card, etc. The efficiency and finish of this trick depends a great deal upon the impression produced by the words and manner of the performer, who should avoid all appearance of flippancy and assume as serious and earnest air as possible. The preliminary address may be something to the following effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are probably familiar with the most curious of all the wonderful results of modern scientific investigation, the possibility of the sympathetic affection of one mind by the thoughts, feelings or emotions of another, without communication through the ordinary channels of sensation, called te-lep a-thy, and that the faculty of reading the unspoken thoughts of another may be like any other faculty, developed and perfected to a surprising extent by practice. Chancing to discover that I possess some small ability in this respect, though perhaps not more than is common to most persons who are entirely unconscious of anything of the kind, I have been for some time past trying, by every means in my power, to strengthen it, and may, I hope, at some future day, be able to do much more than is now possible. For the present I must rest content with a few simple illustrations of what may be accomplished in this direction. In the first place, to make any imposture, or the suspicion of any, simply impossible, I will leave the room while my assistant, with whom I am in rapport arranges the first test."

After you have left the room your assistant asks the number of the watch belonging to some lady or gentleman in the room, and immediately after learning the required number writes the name of the owner of the watch upon the board. He then asks for another number and writes another name below those just made. After repeating this operation three or four times he turns to the spectators, saying:

"In order to prevent the possibility of conveying to the performer by secret signs the information he must read from my unspoken thought, I will now, for the present, in my turn, make my exit." Upon this he goes out a different way from that used by the operator in absenting himself.

The performer, now summoned, enters the room. He stands before the names on the board and appears to hesitate, and then says, perhaps: "The person who gave the first number to my assistant will please concentrate his mind upon the number of his gold hunting case English watch," showing that he knows the description of watch owned by the first person on the list of names. A small matter, but one that impresses the audience. He then seizes a chalk crayon, and as if inspired or greatly excited, writes the required number on the blackboard.

After the applause that naturally ought to follow, if the trick is neatly performed, has subsided, and the gentleman to whom the watch in question belongs has taken his seat, having testified, at the performer's request, by rising, to the correctness of the numbers given, the mind reader tells the audience that the watch, belonging to a lady, is a small silver open-faced watch of Swiss manufacture, and that its number is so and so, writing the required figures on the board, and so on. The explanation of this trick is quite simple.

The letters of the person's names in whatever order they happen to come answer, beginning at the left hand, to the digits from one to nine, for few full names have less than ten letters. If any does, a period between each name will bring the number of letters to ten, as for instance, Mrs. Ann Poe, which, with the stops between the names, makes up eleven marks and letters. As, however, it is not at all likely that any one of so brief a name will be encountered the matter is hardly worth consideration.

Counting the letter following the initial as one, the first letter which is not connected with the others indicates one digit, the next another, etc. A slight peculiarity, imperceptible to the spectators, characterizes these letters, and informs the mind-reader the order in which they are to be taken. Thus there are at least six different ways in which every letter can be written without apparent eccentricity.

Take for instance the letter i, which seems to admit of as little variation as any; one i may have the dot close above it indicating the digit for which it stands is to be taken first in order; or it may have the dot at some distance above it, showing the digit for which it answers, second in order, or it may have the dot a little to the right, close above, making it third in order, or the dot may be at some distance above to the right to show it is to be taken fourth in order, or it may be a little to the left, close above, for the fifth in order, or at a distance above a little to the left for the sixth in order, though it is not frequently that watches are found with six digits in their numbers.

A little experimenting, study and practice, will very soon enable any one of ordinary intelligence to adopt a system of variations in letters which will tell their story plainly and unmistakably to the performer, while they tell nothing to any one else.

A similar system of variations in the initials will reveal other particulars, as, for instance, the metal of which the watch is made, the nationality of its maker, whether it has a double case or is open-faced, etc.

If required, additional information of any sort, as, for instance, whether the watch is fast or slow, can be conveyed by slanting the letters or making them upright, by stringing them out in open order, or bringing them close together, by having the names written in the middle or more to the right or left of the board.

In fact, everything can be made to tell something, even the position and place in which the chalk crayon is left by the assistant after he has written the names of the owners of the watches.

Grains of Gold.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.

"Regard what I am! never mind what my father was!" is an old Arabic saying.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as if he supported him.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.

As concerns the quantity of what is to be read, there is a single rule; read much, but not too many works.

Frank simplicity rather diminishes a man's character for talent, as a straight road never seems so long as a crooked one.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whosoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.

There is a string in every generous mind, which, if touched lightly, yields fine tones, but if struck by an unskilful hand, only produces discord.

An important reason for benevolence is, that though you may forget your own joy from being so accustomed to it, the joy of others seems ever something new.

Femininities.

The new woman may change in many respects, but she still has the same old giggle.

Princess Helene, the Duchess of Sparta's baby, is Queen Victoria's twenty-second great-grandchild.

Miss Delia Thorpe, of Fairfield, Connecticut, was choked to death on Wednesday by a blackberry which lodged in her throat.

A household curiosity is the asbestos towel, which never needs washing. When soiled, it is cleansed by throwing it in the fire, and in a few minutes it may be taken out fresh and clean.

Helen: Do you think a woman ought to work for her husband?

Kitty: I don't know; a little, perhaps.

Helen: I mean after she gets him.

Kitty: The idea! Certainly not!

Ladies in London and in the South are now decorating their bicycles with flowers. The idea really comes from Italy, where the fronts of the little victorias on the Pincian or in the Sascina are covered with gay blooms

While a Lewiston, Me., woman was away from home on a ten days outing, her husband had two carbuncles, sprained his ankle and severely cut his hand. The wife declares her intention of remaining home hereafter.

It is said that the Empress of Germany is violently opposed to the use of the bicycle, and has spread consternation in court circles in Berlin by making a list of the ladies who have disregarded her strict prohibition against riding the wheel.

Miss Oldie: No, Mr. Suiter; I positively do not sympathize with the Republicans in this campaign.

Suiter: No! Why?

Miss Oldie: Because I am unalterably opposed to the single standard.

"Madam," said a snarling son of Æsculapius, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

Mr. Newrich: And what did you say they called this affair?

Mrs. Newrich: Oh, you ignorant man! Will you never learn? This is what they call a pink tea.

Mr. Newrich: Well, from the size of some of the women I should it's beef tea.

A Rockland, Me., lady who was commenting on the "extravagance" of the times, her text being furnished by the recent purchase by a young relative of a ball dress at 25 cents a yard, remarked that when she was young and went to dance she wore calico, but forgot to mention until later that calico then cost 60 cents a yard.

The average maid needs to be taught that the washing of china and glass is more of an art than she realizes. The dishes should be cleaned with a piece of bread crust instead of the usual knife, which will scratch fine dishes. Neatly pile them together before preparing the water, and then the work does not appear to be a burden.

Fashionable rector, to little girl: So you love to go to church, Florence, and be a good little girl?

Flossie: Yes, indeed, Mr. Whitechoker.

Rector: Do you know many of the girls who belong to the church?

Flossie: No, sir; not very many. I only care to know those who sit in the middle aisle.

She never saw a small moth miller flying around that she did not least make an attempt to catch it. It was in church. There was quiet outside and in—only the voice of the preacher could be heard. Suddenly, her friends says with amazement, her arms flew wildly and spasmodically up high in the air in front of her. It was only a moth, but the force of habit is strong, even in church.

The late Earl of Portarlington was always forgetting the names of people whom he had met. Once, on receiving a gracious nod from Queen Victoria at a Marlborough House garden party, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I cannot remember your name."

A heavily-veiled, handsomely-dressed woman called at the City Hospital, Baltimore, recently, and proposed that the physicians send to her house and convey a sick man who lay there to the institution and kill him by gas or some other method and dissect the body immediately. She hated the man, she said, and he was now in her power. She expressed herself willing to pay well for the service.

No less than 5,200 women have taken out patents in the United States. Many of these patents are bringing in handsome royalties to the inventors. A freak in this direction is a washing machine and a see-saw for children combined. While the children are see-sawing they are doing the family washing. A Philadelphia lady has invented a life-preserving corset, to be worn by either sex; another, a contrivance in a combination of a crimping-iron, a papercutter, skirt supporter, letter-file, child's pin bouquet-holder, shawl-fastener, and book-mark, all in one.

Masculinities.

James R. Atwater, who has just been elected mayor of Thomaston, Me., is only 23 years old.

The corkscrew is like some politicians, in that it has a pull despite the fact that it is crooked.

Madge: Aimee has become a desperate flirt. Clara: Well, dear, the sight of a man at this place is enough to make any woman desperate.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

Leonard Hartman, a wealthy man, living in Dubuque, Ia., adopted nine little girls as his daughters the other day. They are his nieces. He already has eleven sons.

"Eugenie, Eugenie, why will you insist on wearing the hair of another woman on yourhead?" "Alphonse, do you still insist on wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them all over again," was the not very soothing reply.

Mamma: Why are you always beating your doll? That isn't nice.

Elsa: Yes, it is. I must beat the doll, because I don't want papa to tell me as he always tells you, that I am spoiling my children.

Two hundred prisoners in the Elgin, Ill., jail got to fighting the other day, and, in order to intimidate them, the jailer discharged his revolver at the ceiling. The bullet struck the heavy steel plates, rebounded and instantly killed one of the prisoners.

An old lady in Brussels, who recently celebrated her 100th birthday, relates that when Napoleon passed through her native village of Fumay, in 1810, a peasant having fallen on his knees to ask a favor, the Emperor said: "Get up, and never kneel except to God!"

"It's strange that Jane Goldie should fancy that Tom Branscombe. I hear they are engaged."

"Yes, she admires him for his strength."

"I didn't know he had any strength."

"She thinks he has. She saw him raise a car window at the first attempt."

I believe that there is or may be an art to "read the mind's construction in the face." But, then, in every species reading so much depends in the eyes; if they are blear, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, the optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads.

It may almost be said to be a question whether any people give up more of their time to recreation than those of the United States. It is true that they still have much to learn of the virtue of simple pleasures, but it cannot be denied that they are making famous progress in the art of enjoying themselves.

Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be seasick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary bureau mirror that turns in its frame, and let some one move it slowly and slightly at first, and gradually growing faster, while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it, the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualm.

W. W. McEwan, of Jackson, Mich., who says he has made more balloon ascensions than any other living American, announces that he will soon shoot up in the air two miles on a sixty-foot rocket of aluminium. He is now building the rocket in Chicago. It is very different in its construction from the ordinary rocket. A parachute will be attached to it which will open the moment the projectile begins to descend. He says he will go up at a speed thirty times greater than that of an express train.

According to an Indianapolis paper the examination of the body of a farmer killed by lightning near Kokomo, Ind., early this week has revealed a curious effect of the bolt. Nearly every bone in the man's body was shattered and reduced to small splinters without burning or lacerating the flesh. The horse which he was driving at the time, though instantly killed by the same bolt, remained standing; and the beast's bones, joints and muscles were made perfectly rigid by the fatal shock.

The husband of a fair lady of Peking having left his home and prolonged his stay for an indefinite period, she thought herself justified in contracting a second matrimonial alliance. Unfortunately, however, the first husband reappeared on the scene. Recourse was had to law. To the mandarin, a man of ready wit, occurred a brilliant idea.

"My friends," said he to the two husbands, "your mother-in-law is dead. Funds must be forthcoming for her burial."

"By Confucius," cried the second husband, "I knew very little of her!"

"As for me, great judge, I shall be delighted to supply them," said the first, with an expression of delight. "What is required?"

"You are worthy to be the husband of this lady," decided the mandarin, and he forthwith decreed a divorce.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Pique appears to be the one formidable rival to grass linen. Not only is it employed for the making of whole gowns, but it makes also revers, capes and collars, for silk gowns, and is encircled by trimmings of real Irish crochet.

Pique and silk is a rather incongruous combination, but it is fashionable, and so we must look upon it with favor whether we like it or not. The pique is used for collars, revers and cape effects on silk gowns, and edged around with Irish lace.

Silken muslin embroidered with pearls and made over white silk is the latest thing for wedding gowns, and with sprays of orange blossoms here and there it is vastly more becoming to the average bride than the severe white satin.

Plumes are the latest hat trimmings, and the combination of white feathers and black velvet ribbon on a cream-colored tuscan straw is the most stylish one in all the varied array of summer hats.

Dark blue flannel striped with a white line, and white flannel with a blue line, are the fashionable material for boating dresses.

An odd material is a grass linen with a stiff gold thread running through it, and it is set up over a shot blue and green silk lining. The skirt is gathered all about the waist in rows of shirrings, and hangs loose over the silk foundations. The skirt, or rather the overskirt, is trimmed with points of ecru lace embroidered with bright silks set into the linen about the hem. The silk is used on the bodice for the puffed tops of the sleeves and the high corselet belt, the upper part of the bodice and the lower part of the sleeves being heavily trimmed with embroidered lace. The choker is of stiffened lace points, which turn over in the back and on the sides. There is a crush band in the shot silk holding the points, and finishing in a large butterfly bow under the chin.

Light colors capes are extremely fashionable this year. Some of them are made of white lace, and seem transparent fabrics over light or bright colored silk linings.

Evening waists do not have much more than frills for sleeves, made of double box plaits of tulle, or thin silk, or chiffon. The prettiest bishop sleeves are those which are gored out a little between the elbow and the wrist.

The most dressy and elaborate of the hats should be worn for garden parties. The fancy straws, trimmed with puffings of mousseline de soie, chiffon, or even organdie, with the soft feathers of the bird of paradise or of the lophophore, are mixed with stiff wings and bunches of natural looking flowers, and form a most dressy head gear, which accords charmingly with the light materials and bright coloring used in the gowns themselves.

Light gloves are, of course, necessary. The suede are cooler for summer wear, but the white glace kid, which are so cheap, are possible when the sleeves are made to reach the wrist.

Skirts are now almost always trimmed, sometimes on the gore seams with lace, or straps of braid, or cut work embroidery, or the front breadth is embroidered like a panel. But at the bottom of the skirts is where the trimmings are more particularly noticeable. There are narrow, overlapping ruffles, headed with a ruche, or a bias ruffle is put on in festoons. The festooned flounces have small buckles fastened on knots of ribbon, which are placed at regular intervals.

Ribbons, which have been a veritable epidemic, are rarely seen made up with the more expensive fabrics. They seem to have been relegated by general consent to wash goods or to very thin materials, and exquisitely pretty they are when made up with them.

The new glace silks, combined with airy decorations, make attractive and useful evening costumes. Among the transparent weaves, the more delicate gauzes, of course, take the lead for charm, but where one gown is to do duty for several any of the silk grenadines, plain striped or figured, will be found durable materials. The embroidered muslins and batistes in cream white or butter yellow are also good and long-wearing investments, and though these may be made to have a look of enchanting simplicity, with rich silk linings and lace trimmings they are sufficiently dressy for almost any occasion.

In the new crepe de chines, which material drapes with a Greek-like grace, there are some becoming colors for evening use. One is a bright green, like new foliage, and there are gay jonquil yellows and deep pinks, which range all the way from peachblow to the yellow rose of pomegranate blooms.

Chiffonette, a glazed silky gauzy, is an inexpensive variety of silk muslin, and which, in black, is much used for neck quillings. In delicate colors it appears occasionally in evening bodices.

Charming dance wraps, in the shape of long, hemmed scarfs or shawls, may also be made of it, as well as others of ordinary chiffon; these dainty trifles being of a lightness not to harm fragile gowns, yet providing when needed all the protection necessary to bare throats and shoulders.

In the way of making there are two conspicuous departures in the new evening gowns from the styles of last season.

A change is seen in the fashions of sleeves, which daily grow smaller and more distinctive.

Then skirts are taking to quaint little ruffles, draped flounces, and a prim outlining of the gores, so that with her snug, odd sleeves and the tiny directoire fan she now affects, a girl in her new evening dress often suggests a faster return to dead modes than the world wots of.

One of the old-time revivals in skirt decoration is of buff and pale green striped taffeta, and is sufficiently elegant to be worn on cool nights for informal dancing. Plain taffetas, in buff and pale green, are used for the trimming on the skirt.

The narrow, double plaitings of the bodice are also of the plain taffetas. The jacket itself is of cream oriental canvas, embroidered richly in delicate eastern colors, and showing here and there a spangle deep-set like a bit of mirror in a buttonholed ring.

Mushroom-shaped brims are a popular style for yachting and outdoor sports generally, as they afford good protection, and the crowns of these hats are usually high. Twillings of different colored silks, made very narrow, are sometimes set in between the braids of the brim, and a twist of tulle and velvet or silk, with a bow and feathers at one side, is the trimming. The turret-shaped crown, with a round, flat brim, is one of the new styles. One of these, in fine white Tuscan straw, has numerous black ostrich feather standing up in front and falling over the sides of the hat, and a bow of black and white striped gauze ribbon at the back. An upstanding bow of emerald green velvet, with an aigrette and a bunch of mauve geraniums, is the trimming on another hat of this shape.

The white Leghorn hats with their waving, flexible brims are the most attractive of all the summer headgear, and an occasional one shows strings tied under the chin, which give it a quaint, old-fashioned finish. A ruche of tulle sometimes finishes the brim, and with a band of black velvet around the crown, a bunch of roses under the brim, the effect is charming. There is something of the Dresden china shepherdess in the style of some of these hats trimmed profusely with roses, and for young girls' hats of shirred tulle, either black or white, with flowers under the brim and clusters of ostrich feathers at one side, are delightfully becoming. The newest hats show the high crown and a slightly curved brim, which is very becoming and certainly will bring feathers more into use.

Paradise feathers are very popular, now, but the real thing is rather expensive, so we have some clever imitations. Round-shaped black chip hats trimmed with pink ribbon and a bunch of black ostrich feathers at one side are very stylish with light dresses, and turquoise blue is a color very fashionable in millinery.

Despite all the reports to the contrary, hats have not entirely driven bonnets out of fashion, and bonnets made entirely or partly of flowers are very much worn by fashionable women. Pink, clover, roses, violets and the iris are favorite blossoms, and little bonnets with crowns of roses and net brims studded with steel or silver are very pretty. Many of the flower bonnets have an erect bunch of orchids directly in front, and again width is given by a bunch of roses standing out on either side. The toque is perhaps the most popular of the smaller shapes, and it is made generally becoming this season with its irregular fluted brim caught in here and there according to the face it adorns. Some of these are made of flowers, and one very novel style is composed of loops of straw matting trimmed with black and yellow cowslips and a crown of transparent lace. Poke bonnets have been proposed for some time, and have been worn by a few up-to date women, but they are by no means a general style.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Flies dislike the oil from bay leaves. It is not an expensive drug, and if a very little is kept in a dish on the window ledge, or if the doors and window casings are coated with any color of fresh paint to which four per cent. of oil of bay has been added, insects will shun them.

Cinders make a very hot fire and one particularly good for ironing days.

Milk keeps from souring longer in a shallow pan than in a milk pitcher. Deep pans make an equal amount of cream.

German country women boil in milk the yarn for their home-knit black stockings, so they will not "crock." If black underwear, equestrian tights, or stockings that stain are treated in a like manner, the result will be found very satisfactory.

Pounded glass mixed with dry corn meal and placed within the reach of rats, it is said, will banish them from the premises.

The best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with clean potato peelings and water, boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry, and rub it with a little lard. Repeat the rubbing several times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances likely to occur in the use of a new kettle.

Copper or brass kettles are bad for preserving purposes, unless kept scrupulously clean and bright. Better use the porcelain-lined kettle. Keep jams in a dry, cool place. Made right, they will need only a piece of white paper laid quite close, and another paper tied over the top. Made on a dry day. I believe that the inclination to mould is less. Should mould appear, boil them again. To prevent preserves from spoiling apply the white of an egg to a single thickness of white paper, with which cover the jars, lapping over an inch or so. It will need no tying, becoming when dry hermetically tight and strong.

If only one pot of tea can be made for a family taking their luncheon at different hours, every housewife should see to it that the tea does not stand with the tea grounds in it longer than from three to five or seven minutes. After that time pour the tea into another pot and throw the grounds away. If you have only one teapot, infuse the tea in some other vessel—pottery of some kind is best—and pour into the pot. In this way the injurious effects of the tannin which is drawn out of the leaves after a longer infusion is avoided, and you save yourself, your friends and family from becoming tea martyrs.

As soon as the baby reaches its 5th month take off the long, cumbersome skirts that come just about three inches below the feet. Then put on light, soft stockings and soft morocco shoes. When the baby is 6 months old, shorten the skirts still more, thus giving the child more freedom of limb. At the age of 7 months put a baby on the floor, and let it race about as much as it likes. This will give it the strength required for creeping and walking, which soon follow. In these days it seems to be the habit and practice to carry children about in the arms and never allow them to go on the floor till they are big and old enough to walk. It is a great mistake to be eternally handling a child.

Why is it that in treating neuralgia simple measures are so often the last to be thought of? In most cases hot applications are the quickest and surest remedies. Hot bricks wrapped in wet cloths and applied usually afford almost instantaneous relief. Massage is excellent, and there are few families where there is not one member possessing sufficient magnetism to ease pain, if only a little attention has been given to the principles of massage treatment. They ought to be universally known, for this treatment is efficacious in many nervous diseases. Always rub the spine and extremities first, then the affected part. When ease is obtained the sufferer should have complete rest for a day or two. Rest will do more good than opiates every time.

There are several ways of loosening the glass stoppers of decanters and bottles. One is to stand the bottle in hot water, another is to drop a little oil with a feather between the stopper and the decanter and stand it near the fire. After a time strike the stopper gently with a piece of wood on all sides, and if it does not move repeat the process. A strip of flannel or wool wound around the neck of the bottle and smartly pulled backward to produce friction will sometimes loosen stoppers.

An excellent dessert is made by putting an abundance of choice strawberries dipped in powdered sugar in a mould of lemon jelly. The berries should be scattered between alternate layers of the jelly, which may be colored red or a deep or light green.

Do not press a sleeve or dress waist seam on a flat surface. Keep a board for the purpose made from a rolling pin, sawed in half lengthwise, so that it will rest firmly on a table beneath the weight of the iron, and then cover it as you would an ironing board. It supplies just what is needed, a curved, smooth surface.

In stewing rhubarb for sauce cut it into inch pieces without peeling it, as both color and a fine flavor are in the skin. When cooked the outside will be as tender as the other part. Cook the fruit very slowly, and add only enough water to keep it from burning, as a large part of the fruit itself is water. Add enough sugar to sweeten the sauce in the beginning, and, as it is very acid, cook in a utensil that will not be affected by it. A double boiler is sometimes used for the purpose.

Moderate burns and spots scalded by boiling water may be relieved by putting a tablespoonful of baking soda in a little water and binding cloths wet with the solution about the injured place. Every household should have in the medicine closet a bottle of carbolized vaseline to use for more serious burns. Spread the dressing thickly over the injured place, and cover with antiseptic cotton. If neither of these remedies is at hand in case of such accidents use olive oil. Another excellent remedy is olive oil mixed with the whites of eggs. Cover with cotton to exclude the air.

Tongue Sandwiches.—Half a pound of butter, three tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a little paprika, salt, the yolk of one egg. Mix together very smooth and set on the ice. Chop some ham and tongue in equal proportions and blend all well together. Cut the bread very thin, spread with the mixture and roll.

R R R
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief, placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms
Cured and Prevented

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Indigestion,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation
And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Aunt Prue.

BY C. L. T.

"WELL, Kittie, how's the exchequer?"

"Very low, Ted; depressingly low. If something does not come in shortly—if you do not get some illustrating to do——"

"And you some stories to write," good-temperedly.

"Exactly, we shall be at so low an ebb that we must forego our sole relaxation—expensive relaxation that is—I mean our little trips up the river."

"That's bad, Kittie," lugubriously rubbing a straight, handsome nose. "I'll take another turn round of the publishers with my portfolio, though I almost despair. In art, as with everything else, the supply exceeds the demand—in this branch at least."

"So it will be more than ever, since Board School children are taught drawing, Ted."

"Right you are. I really have serious intentions, if things do not get better, to start as a pavement artist."

"Every profession, however humble, if honest, is commendable."

"That sounds very like a copy-book heading, Kit."

The room in which the above conversation took place was in a house Chelsea way. It was a sitting-room first-floor front. The furniture was cheap and dingy, quite of the "Furnished apartments" description, only it was given an individuality by the additions and arrangements made by its present occupiers, Ted Clinton and his sister Kate.

They were orphans, had been so many years. On the death of their last parent, their mother, they had inherited fifty pounds a year. Small enough; but they were young, and therefore full of hope. Ted possessed sufficient art in his nature to cause him to refuse any other profession. They lived in apartments, Kate kept house, and having developed a mild authorship, now and then got an article or story accepted.

Little enough, but they pushed on, borne up by the firm belief in the "Good times coming." Sometimes, however, instead of good, bad times came, when things, to say the least, were, as Kittie remarked, depressing.

Ted, twenty-five, was handsome, with gray eyes and chestnut hair, worn long. Kate was like him, only with violet eyes and a shade darker hair.

A silence had ensued after the last remark. Ted took up his pencil, Kate went on mending her glove. Suddenly she gave a jump. There was a postman's knock.

"I wonder if postmen and railway porters have nerves?" she remarked.

"I wonder if that letter's for us?" queried Ted. "Yes, the slavey, the heavy-footed Hebe, is bringing it up."

Kate, rising, met her at the door, and took it.

"Edward Clinton, Esq.," she read, coming back. "What a number of postmarks. Why, it has followed us from our old address, and it has come from—what is this?—Sydney?"

"Sydney? We know no one there who would write to us. Hand it over." Receiving it, he also twisted it about, and examined it, then breaking off the envelope read:

"'MY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE——'"

"What is that you say, Ted, nephew and niece?"

"I don't say it, I read it. There, let a fellow get on.

MY DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE,—"'Much trouble have I had to discover where to address you, but at last have succeeded, in time to inform you of my intended visit to the old country.

"'Though, as you see, I have heard of you, it is more than probable that you have never heard of me, nor dreamed of my existence. You perceive it was in this way. Your father was my brother, and our father quarreled with your father. Each said they would have nothing more to do with the other—very foolish and wicked—and I fear my father was to blame. Still, there it is. I am coming to England, and having no relations but you, why should we not be friends? Why continue old quarrels? I'm willing to bury the past.

"'I will, at least, come and see you, then we shall soon find out if we shall like each other.

"'One thing I am pleased to state, I do not land in the old country a beggar. Far from it. When your grandfather, my father, came out here nearly eight and twenty years ago, there was money to be made, and he made it. A considerable pile.

"I shall come by the 'Oceanic.' My companion, who knows London well, advises me to stay at the Langham, until I can look about and find a house. I wonder if we shall be friends, and pull well together?

"'Your at present unknown aunt,

PRUDENCE CLINTON.'

"That's a queer letter, isn't it?" exclaimed Ted. "I was aware that granddad emigrated, but I never heard mention of an aunt Prudence. Got money. It occurs to me she's a bit condescending. Well, if the old lady thinks I am going to be all eagerness to make up the family squabbles, whatever they were, and bow and boo, and dance attendance on her for her money, she is very much mistaken."

"Hear, hear. Just so!" cried Kate. "We will be free and independent Britons, maintaining a right to our own opinions, though we starve."

"Still, we shall have to receive her, Kittie."

"Of course. How she'll sniff, and pity our poverty, this Australian possessor of nuggets. I don't suppose that she knows much about art. She would appreciate you far more, Ted, if you were a butterman or publican, with a prospect of retiring on thousands."

"Possibly. Upon my word, Kittie, I'm doubtful whether I should not appreciate myself better, too."

"Goth!"

"Well, it's all nonsense to despise honestly made money."

"You know you don't mean what you say, Ted—you know you do not; and I must request you not to be vulgar. Money is well enough in its way, but there is something higher to endeavor for than that. Everyone can advance the world if they try."

"I don't fancy my illustrations or your novel will do that, Kittie."

"If they are done in a good cause, and with good intent, good will come," retorted Kate, with the air of a feminine mentor. "But let us descend to the commonplace."

"By which I suspect you mean Aunt Prue?"

"Well, near it. She says she is coming by the 'Oceanic.' The newspaper is by your elbow, Ted; just see if there's any mention of it."

Ted Clinton, taking the paper, searched the columns for the shipping intelligence. Kate watched him.

"Yes, here she is. By gum! if she isn't at Plymouth already! Why, she will be in London this week!"

"No!" cried Kate, springing up, "you mean by the next mail. What are we to do?"

"Do? Let her come. What does it matter?"

"Matter? Oh, you men! Why, she can't come with the place in this plight! It must be cleaned, swept, and garnished!"

"Go on, Kittie; finish the parable," groaned Ted, who regarded "cleaning up" with horror.

"It's a provoking nuisance," remarked Kate. "Why did she not say she would appoint a day?"

"Because the old woman wants to take us by surprise; see the truth of things, and how we are fixed. When she does see, she'll be more condescending than ever."

"She had better," with a slight toss.

"Hush. Here comes Jack. I know his step on the stairs—it's as light and bounding as his heart. Who would believe he was the son of a pillar of the Church?"

There was a tap at the door. Two voices called "Come in," and a young fellow, about Ted's age, bright, good-looking, and good-tempered, entered.

"Well, how are you? Miss Clinton, I need not ask you; as usual, you look charming. What a beastly day, isn't it?"

For ten minutes there was a merry interchange of sentences, when Ted exclaimed:

"I say, Jack, did you ever possess such a thing as a rich Australian aunt?"

"Not exactly. Wish I had, or did, if the dear old lady would make me her heir."

"Humph. What a mercenary chap you are."

"Right you are, Ted. Trust me for sniffing out the loaves and fishes. But have you an Australian aunt?"

"Well, yes—for the last half-hour. We'll tell you all about it."

"Humph! Not a bad look-out," said Jack, on hearing.

"What do you advise us to do, Mr. Belston?" asked Kate.

"Make love to the old lady, Miss Clinton."

"That I am certain we shall not."

"Then pass her over to me."

"Be serious, Jack."

"Well, the first thing I should do would be to send a letter to the Langham with your right address."

"I never thought of that," said Kate.

"Also, in, of course, a very dignified and independent way—I would say—that you will be pleased to see her."

"We could not name a day, and——"

"Say we shall be engaged all the others!" put in Ted.

"I don't think that would be very hospitable to Aunt Prue; besides, why should you? She may be quite a delightful old lady."

"I shouldn't so much care," remarked Kate, "if I only knew what she was like. If she looked nice and amiable I shouldn't mind. You see, we are rather Bohemian, and possibly might—might shock her."

"Pray don't look so distressed, Miss Clinton!" exclaimed Jack. "I'll tell you what I do. I'll meet the 'Oceanic' at Gravesend—they are sure to land there—I'll just inspect Aunt Prue, take stock, and bring back the result."

"Nonsense, Jack!" exclaimed Ted.

"Oh, how very kind of you!" cried Kate, simultaneously.

"There!" ejaculated Jack Belston. "Place aux dames, Miss Clinton has it. I'll go."

The brothers and sisters didn't see Jack again until the 'Oceanic' had arrived at Gravesend, when they began anxiously to look forward to his coming. Had he been to Gravesend?

"No," said Ted. "He must have seen the absurdity——"

"Absurd or not, Jack," Kate called him thus when he was absent, "never said a thing he did not mean."

"If you talk so warmly of Jack, Kittie, Fred Gillingham will be jealous."

"Not he," laughed his sister, blushing.

That very afternoon Jack Belston arrived. He came in with a dash; in a great state of excitement. Ted was alone.

"Ted," he cried, pacing the room, "I have seen my fate! At last—yes, after reaching the mature age of five and twenty, heart-whole, a pair of gray eyes came, saw, and conquered!"

"Are you talking of Aunt Prue?" inquired Ted, cynically.

"Aunt Prue—confound—I beg your pardon, Ted, a thousand times. I do. Aunt Prue is a very pleasant, nice old lady—though she is not old—being not forty five, if so much. I am taking of Miss Grace Merridew."

"Who is she?"

"Aunt Prue's companion."

"Oh! then you have been to Gravesend?"

"Of course."

"Did I not say he would go?" exclaimed Kate, triumphantly, as she entered.

"Yes, he's been, and fallen head over ears in love with the companion," informed Ted.

"No!" cried Kate, bursting into laughter.

"It is true. I'll tell you how it was."

Drawing his chair nearer, he began:

"I went down to Gravesend, reaching there as the 'Oceanic' was signalled. When it came, and let off steam, I hastened on board. As luck would have it, I immediately tumbled over Aunt Prue—excuse me calling her Aunt Prue?"

"All right, old fellow, fire away."

"A pleasant looking, middle-aged lady, with a decided manner—just the style that would write that letter—was inspecting some luggage which had been brought up from the hold.

"'These are ours,' she said. 'And these.'

"I glanced down, and saw painted on some 'Miss P. Clinton,' on others 'Miss Grace Merridew;' pretty name, isn't it? I glanced round, and beheld a young lady seeing about the packing of a deck-chair. Even as I looked she joined Aunt Prue, began to collect the luggage, shawls, and other impediments. But that look had done for me. That companion is just the woman I have been searching for all my long years. I adore gray eyes. Ted, I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"What! and you haven't spoken to her?"

"Haven't I! Trust me. They were in difficulties about their luggage. I came to their rescue. I suppose there was something in my manner, for suddenly the companion said:

"'Excuse me, but you are not Mr. Edward Clinton, are you?'

"'No—but a friend of his, Miss Merridew.' She started, and raised her brows at my knowing her name. So, smiling, I pointed to one of the portmanteaux.

"'Oh, I see,' she laughed. 'But I don't quite understand.'

"Now, Ted, you must forgive me, but I could not help saying it. I told her you, being unable to come yourself, had sent me to be, if I could, of any service to Miss Prudence Clinton, your aunt."

"Cool," growled Ted.

"Nonsense! You had a right to do it; and she is a very nice personage. Amiable, I am sure."

"'That was very kind of him, I am sure,' she smiled, displaying two rows of even teeth.

"Excuse me—I must really tell her—she joined your aunt, and for some while they were speaking together, while I busied myself with the luggage. To cut a long story short, I saw them to an hotel, then to the train, finally to the Langham. There I left them, and my heart too. But, Miss Clinton, I have fulfilled my promise. You need have no fear of Aunt Prue. She is delightful."

"Are you serious, old fellow?" asked Ted.

"Never more so in my life. If I do not wed Grace Merridew, I'll wed no woman."

"There is no fear she will refuse——" began Kate.

"The son of a pillar of the Church," completed Ted.

Jack, being a true hearted fellow, had doubts notwithstanding. For three days he haunted the Langham, managing even twice to see the woman he adored. After that he made up his mind to write and ask an interview. What was the good of losing time? He would confess his passion, and ask if she would accept his addresses if she were not already engaged. The answer came in due course. Miss Merridew would be at home at eleven the following morning, but she could not imagine what Mr. Belston had to say.

"That doesn't look well," thought Jack.

Nevertheless he was punctual to the appointment. He found the middle-aged—not the young lady—in the sitting-room.

"Confound it!" thought Jack, "I can't speak before her," and he glanced at the door.

For about five minutes they exchanged commonplace remarks, then the lady said:

"Well, Mr. Belston, I believe you are here for some particular purpose?"

"I am here, madam," said Jack, "to see Miss Grace Merridew."

"Exactly. I am Miss Grace Merridew, Miss Clinton's companion."

"You—madam?" he gasped. "There—there must be—that is, I fear I have made some mistake. How could I think that Ted's aunt could be younger than Ted?"

"I perceive. But it's quite natural. When old Mr. Clinton went to Australia he married again."

"I must apologise to you, madam," said Jack, rising. "I have made a great idiot of myself."

"No, no. But have you no message for 'Aunt Prue,' who now is out?"

Jack hesitated, then said, manfully:

"Yes. Say, please, that the hour I saw her I loved her. That, believing her only a companion with little means, I came to to offer her my heart, hand, and fortune, if she thought that in time she could love me. But, finding her of social position equal to my own, and with so many, many better fellows ready to love better than I, I have no longer the courage. Excuse me, good morning," and he hurried from the room."

Three hours later—how spent he could not well have told—Jack plunged into the Clintons' apartment.

"Listen," he exclaimed, "I am not in love with Miss Merridew, but with Aunt Prue! And when you see her."

"Which we soon shall. She has written to say she will be here to-day and I now hear them on the stair."

Jack retreated to the window curtains as the door opened and the two ladies entered.

Ted's eyes—those of an artist—took in the graceful figure of the younger; but he approached, with extended hand, the elder.

"We are pleased to welcome you to England, Aunt Clinton. As to the past squabble——"

But he got no further. Jack was shouting with laughter; the ladies were laughing, too.

"You have made just the same mistake as I did, Ted. This lady is——"

"Aunt Prue," concluded that personage, with a merry sparkle in her gray eyes which sent Jack distracted.

Explanations were gone into, and before long the five amply showed they could pull together very well.

The result is, that beside a son, the pillar of the Church has grandchildren now, whose mother Jack, often in a gay mood, calls "Aunt Prue."

Humorous.

RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls or two or three treats,
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure,
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.
—Dean Swift

The true Board of Health—A plain diet.

A hunter bags his game. A flirt sacks hers.

Why is a tear like a potato?—Because it springs from the eye.

Family ties—The ones your brother is always borrowing from you.

The young man who "went off like a shot" probably found too much powder on his girl's cheek.

Father: Isaac, if you are good to-day you may carry up some wood, but if you are naughty you must carry it up.

Caller: Good morning. Have you got any real estate?

Dealer: Yes, lots.

Which is the queen of roses in the gardens?—The rose of the watering pot, for it rains over all the others.

It is not so unpleasant to a poor young woman to wait upon the gentlemen, as it is to a proud old maid to be waiting for them.

Going!—This was the tempting notice lately exhibited by a dealer in cheap shirts—"They won't last long at this price!"

"Have I not, my son, given you every advantage?"

"Oh, yes, but I couldn't think of taking advantage of you, father."

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

"My wife makes a little money go a long way these times," said Jones to a friend.

"So does mine unfortunately," the friend replied. "She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia."

"What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his dinner lightly with his fork.

"Call it," snarled the landlord, "what do you call it?"

"Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a leetle too much in it for hash."

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers:

"What is that which did not come last year, and will not come next year?"

A distressed officer, starting up, said:

"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."

The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay.

In one of the States they passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle.

"How is that?" quoth the justice.

"Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

Apropos of the titles "Eagle Bakery," "Eagle Laundry," etc., a contemporary tells a capital story of a humorist who was standing in the street one day when a van labelled "Eagle Bakery" came along. He hailed the driver, and, going up to the van, said:

"Give me one."

"One of what?" said the driver.

"One of those," he replied.

"Those what?"

"Why, one of your baked eagles!"

"I see," said she, looking up from the paper, "that there were twenty million buttons made in this country last year."

"Indeed!" he replied. "I wonder what they were made for!"

"For sewing on garments, I suppose."

"Well, somebody's got more than their share, I fancy, for there haven't been any sewed on my garments for a year."

She resumed her reading, and a deep silence fell upon the household.

The translation of a recent French novel contains these ludicrous sentences:

"Her hand was cold, like that of a serpent."

"The countess was about to reply, when a door opened and closed her mouth."

"'Mal ne!' he exclaimed in Portuguese."

"The colonel paced backward and forward, with his hands behind his back, reading the newspaper."

"At this sight the negro's face grew dreadfully pale."

"The man was dressed in a velvet jacket, and in pants of the same color."

THE WILLING WIDOW.

A score of us, says a western writer, were sitting in the shade of the depot building waiting for the train, which was an hour late, when a yoke of oxen attached to a queer-looking old cart turned the corner.

They were driven by a woman about fifty years of age, who was barefoot and wore a man's straw hat.

"Git up thar, Buck!" she exclaimed, as she laid the "gad" on the off ox with a resounding whack.

"You thar, Pete! What you skittishun round that way fur? Whoa, now! Both of yous stan' still!"

She turned them up to the platform, threw down some hay taken from the cart, and came up among us to inquire of the depot agent about a barrel of salt.

He was busy just then, and she was waiting around when the smart Aleck of the crowd, who was traveling for a wine house, remarked in tones meant for her to overhear, "I have always said that, if I married at all, I'd marry a woman who could drive oxen."

"Is that meant for me?" she asked, as she walked straight up to him.

"Are you a widow, ma'am?"

"I am. Been a widder ever since a sawlog rolled over Jim nine years ago."

"And you'd marry again if you had the opportunity, would you?"

"I would. When Jim lay a-dyin' in the house, he told me to marry agin if I had a show."

"Ahem! I see. Could you love a second husband?"

"I could. It runs in our fam'ly to love. We begin airly, and keep it up to the grave. What's your proposition? I'm a plain woman, full o' business, and never do any foolin'. If you've got anythin' to say, spit it right out afore 'em all!"

"I—I don't want to marry just now," he stammered.

"Don't—eh? Then what's the use of gittin' me on my tip-toes about it? You man, you jest the same as asked me to have you, and I jest the same as accepted you!"

"Oh! No, no! I merely made some inquiries," he replied.

"Them inquiries was about love, sir, and my heart's a-thumpin away like all git out! I said I'd marry agin, and I will! We are engaged. When do you want me to be ready?"

"Madam, you have totally misunderstood me," exclaimed the young man, as he turned all sorts of colors and appeared to grow small; "I asked you a few questions out of curiosity."

"Mebbe the jury will call it curiosity, and mebbe they won't!" she said, as she set her jaw.

"They don't allow no foolin' 'round Posey County. When a feller goes as fur as you hev, it's a bitch or damages. I'm a tremblin' all over like a girl, an' my heart' a-tryin' to jump out. It's reg'lar love, or I don't know the road hum. You don't leave here, young man, till this case is settled!"

"But, ma'm, you see——"

"I don't see nothin' but marriage or damages. You've asked me to have you. I said I would. Will you marry or settle?"

"How—how much?" he gasped as he looked around and failed to find any sympathy.

"Well, Saginaw suit is a dollar and a quarter a bar'l," she replied, as she glanced at a row of barrels down the platform.

"I guess the oxen kin git hum with two bar'ls. Make it two, and I'll call it squar'."

Everybody grinned except the young man. He realized that he was done for, and got out of the box by planking down the two dollars and a half to the agent. The cart was driven around to the spot, the barrels loaded up, and then the woman came back to say to the young man, "I've settled this case, and the salt is in the cart; but I jest wanted to remark that, if you happen this way agin, and you happen to feel so awful cunnin' that you can't hold yourself, you'd better go slow on widders.

"Thar's sixteen of us round here, an' we all drive yaller oxen hitched to carts, an' we all go bar'foot in the summer and sigh to git married agin.

"The reg'lar figgur is three bar'ls of salt and a pound of tea; but, owin' to your youth and that thunderstorm comin' up, I've let you off easy. Good day, bub! Good day, all!"

A GIANT OF THE OCEAN.—The giant of the sea-weed family, and the largest known species of marine algæ, bears the scientific name of *Nereocystis*.

It occasionally attains a length of three hundred feet, and is kept a float on the ocean's surface on account of being buoyed by bladder-like enlargements of the stem, which are filled with air.

As the plant grows older these globose, bladder-like excrescences swell into great retort-shaped cylinders six to seven feet in length and between four and five feet in diameter. Where this plant grows in any considerable quantity it becomes impossible for small craft to pass through them on account of the density of this floating mass of vegetation. The natives of tropical islands are accustomed to make use of the bladder like enlargement mentioned for water vessels and for storing away grain.

BROCHURE SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS and get a little book free.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL WORKS, LIMA, OHIO.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

SALESMEN WANTED—$100 to $125 per month and expenses. Staple line; position permanent, pleasant and desirable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. Co., T 187, Chicago.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 26, '92. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in the wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

THE CROWN
PIANOS AND ORGANS

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by us in constructing the Crown.
The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.
THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.
The Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.
GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
343-351 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after May 17, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express, For Buffalo, (Parlor Car) Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars.	daily 9.00 a m; Week-days, 12.30 p m; daily, 6.34 p m, 9.45 p m	For Lock Haven

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.46, (dining car), 1.30, 2.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.09, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.25, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.35 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.30 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 5.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.31 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 6.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1196 Chestnut street, 629 S. Third street, 3867 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

WASHINGTON PARK
on the Delaware.

No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the

Marvelous Electric Fountain

which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75 000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2.45, 7.45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND

With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.

Exhibition of the Vitascope
Every Afternoon and Evening

Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.

Round Trip Fare, 20c.

Children with parents free.

:-:LINCOLN PARK:-:

Chicago Marine Band

(T. P. BROOKE, Cond'r

Concerts Daily 2 and 7.15 p. m.

A Whole Show Given in THE VITASCOPE. ALLYN and LINGARD, Character Artistes.

THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.

PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK
Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

No Advance in Fare. Round Trip 25c.
CHILDREN FREE.

Boats leave Race and Christian Sts. Wharves every hour. Sunday, every 45 minutes.